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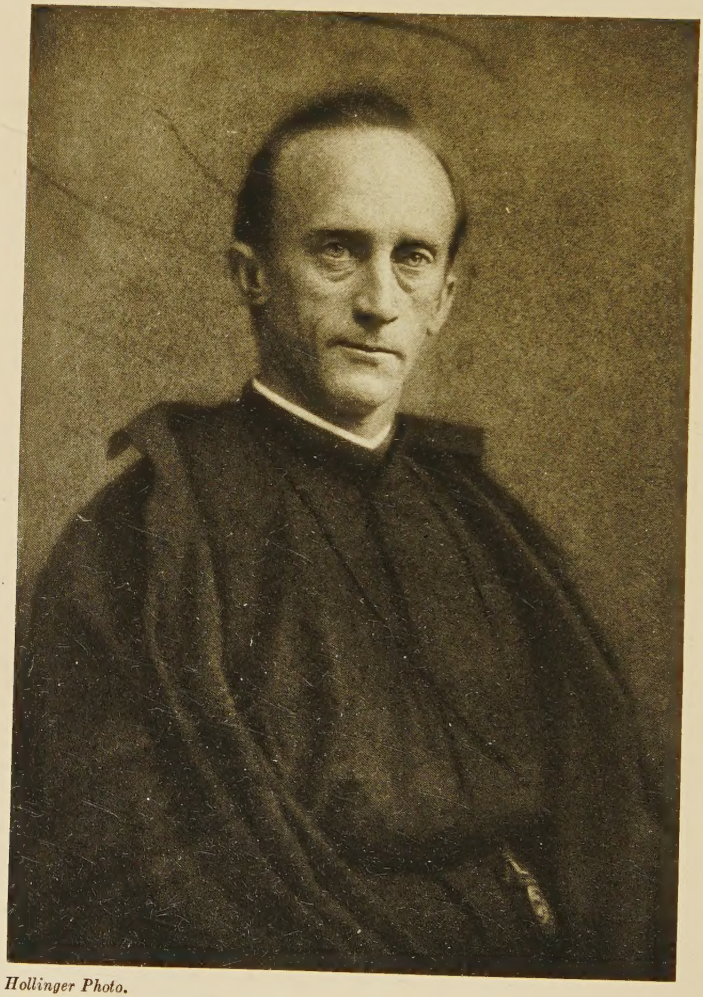

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Very sincerely yours

W. O'D. Parrow S.J.

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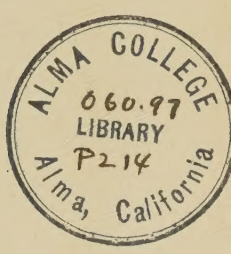
WILLIAM PARDOW

OF THE COMPANY OF JESUS

BY

JUSTINE WARD

NEW EDITION



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INTRODUCTION

MEN and women are not born saints. We all start out from the same point and saints, like the rest of us, have to take the Kingdom of Heaven by storm. With some, the marks of battle show on the outside. With others, the drama is entirely within, and only a faint indication, barely perceptible, betrays the inward struggle. There are fighters whose advance upon the citadel is marked by many failures but whose indomitable spirit brings them back again and again to the assault until final victory is won. There are others, few indeed in number, whose path seems blazed in a direct line forward, unmarked by a single defeat. But one thing is common to all holy lives, and that is *struggle*, a struggle which admits not a moment's pause or stagnation, nor any slackening of the pace until the final goal is reached.

The life of William Pardow is bare of dramatic incident. No sudden conversion marks his course, no spiritual upheaval punctuates his inner life. Yet it would be a mistake to assume that all was plain sailing. His life was a battle from beginning to end, distinguished for quiet courage and heroic persistence. His power and influence were attained through unceasing effort and atten-

tion to minute details, through study and rigid self-criticism, and through inviting the criticism of other people; all of which kept him, to the last day of his life, in a state of growth and development. When, at the summit of his power, he was called out of this world, then — the battle won — he exclaimed for the first time: "It has been a hard struggle."

The following pages attempt no biography in the usual sense of the word. In a life like Father Pardow's, where exterior events played so subordinate a part, strict chronological treatment is hardly called for. I have tried to set forth the principles which animated his life, and to do so, as much as possible, in his own words. "A saint's writings are to me his true 'Life,'" said Cardinal Newman, and it is such a "Life" that I have sought to present.

There are, it is true, few finished writings of Father Pardow's to draw upon, for his work, like our Lord's, was sown upon the passing breeze and written only upon the hearts of his hearers. But fortunately for the purposes of this biography, a large number of personal notes remain, ideas jotted down by Father Pardow for use in sermons and instructions of various kinds, which, while brief, — hardly more than germs of thought — are intensely suggestive to anyone who is familiar with his finished style. In addition to these notes, there are stenographic records of a few of his sermons, some of which are sufficiently accurate and characteristic to be available.

Father Pardow's sermons and retreats abound with unconscious, but sincere and intimate, self-revelation. He drew his instructions to others from the depths of his personal experience and self-analysis. He rarely spoke directly of his own difficulties, but he understood the difficulties of others with so wide a range of vision that his advice to them may reveal, as it were by induction, some of the formative processes of his own soul. I have therefore tried to let him speak for himself wherever possible. Owing to the character of the notes, so much piecing together and filling in was required that direct quotation has not always been possible, but wherever quotation marks have been used without a reference in the course of these pages, the words are Father Pardow's own. In many of the chapters, notably the one entitled *Ambulare*, much more of the text is drawn from Father Pardow's notes than would appear from the quotation marks; indeed almost the whole description of Jesuit education has been taken from his writings.

Originality is often confused with eccentricity, and an originality which is shorn of its eccentricity fails to impress the world. Yet, in reality, eccentricity is but the imperfection from which originality is apt to suffer, and which so often limits its usefulness. The fact that Father Pardow was original without a trace of eccentricity will make his character seem paradoxical to many people. That one who was so flaming could be so disciplined; that one whose genius was on such

individual lines could be so minutely systematic, so literal in his observance of the details of his Rules, seems at first sight an anomaly. Yet the perfect balance which enabled him to turn the light of his genius upon the dry details of daily life, making them as luminous as the events which the world calls great; the way in which these details were gathered up, and, as it were, made to feed the flame, is the clue to the mystery of his strength. It would therefore be impossible to give a true picture of Father Pardow without describing the admirable training which moulded his strong, dauntless character; under which his talents lost their crudity and became, through concentration, a force that could be applied definitely and at will.

Saint Ignatius' system of training the soul is founded on the principle that asceticism is a science, partly natural and partly supernatural. In the fundamentals of the spiritual life there are definite rules that can be learned. Mysticism, on the other hand, is purely supernatural; a state of union to which God lifts individual souls, but which no soul could reach by his own efforts. To bring a person to the portals of mysticism is all that the wisest training can do. Saint Ignatius' system should take a sincere soul to that portal; but the system will not work by itself. It is not a panacea, but demands intelligent, energetic and enlightened response to its suggestions. I propose to give an account of a man who responded fully to that training, whose life was a direct outgrowth of those

great principles — taken literally — which Ignatius gave to his little band as their working principles. Here is a man who brought them to bear in practice, directly and without reservation of any kind, without thought of self or fear of others. He fought so gallantly that few suspected the struggle. Yet the scars of battle showed plainly on his face, deeply lined, emaciated with suffering, but surmounted by that calm brow and serene glance which told of victory.

"The lives of men are written," said Father Pardow, "their biographies press down the shelves of our libraries, yet when you have read the biography of the greatest of men, what do you know of the man himself? You know what this, that, or the other man thinks about him, but you know nothing of the real life of that man, nothing of his interior life which the eyes of God alone can penetrate. About that life you know absolutely nothing." Yet, unless a biography can help us to penetrate into this inner life, be it ever so little; unless it enables us to catch a vista here and there, be it only by induction, of the soul's journey through creatures to God, of its unswerving advance in spite of discouragements and temptations — turning each obstacle into a principle of growth — if it fails to do this it may contain every date and event of the outer life and yet remain so much waste paper.

To seize and lay bare these psychological processes is no easy task. Father Pardow himself defined the difficulty: "A saint's life is hard to

write, because it is an inner life. The lives of the saints and their pictures show the saint in his victory; I want to see him bleeding. I do not care to see him rapt in ecstasy, his eyes raised to heaven; I want to see him wounded, bleeding, in the dust, and rising up in spite of the wounds. For if you are going to put the saint on his pedestal — in his crown — with rays of glory about his head, then I say: 'It is too much for me to hope for.' But show him to me bleeding, and I say: 'Oh, yes! I, too, can bleed!'"

The phrase might be the summing up of his own gallant fight.

To those who have made it possible to write the following pages, I wish to express my deep gratitude: to Mother Augusta Pardow, and Mother Pauline Pardow, to the Very Rev. Joseph Hanselman, S.J., Provincial of the Maryland New York Province, through whose kindness Father Pardow's papers were placed at my disposal, and to the other members of the Company of Jesus, who have contributed in an invaluable manner to these reminiscences. May the result tend to perpetuate Father Pardow's influence and keep alive that quality in his work which was of more than passing value. As for the personal record, it must await correction on that day when "the Lord shall open the one universal biography, wherein every life, however short, will be fully written, and every life, however long, will be condensed into that which has been inscribed by the Almighty."

BOOK I

THE MAKING OF A JESUIT

"Free,
When His wings pen thee."

FRANCIS THOMPSON

Chapter I

PILGRIMS

As the sun was sinking on a warm afternoon of early spring in the year 1865, a pair of odd figures appeared in the streets of Montreal. Their like had never been seen before. Each was wrapped in an impossible cape of black oil-cloth, tied around the neck with a shoe string; from the shoulder hung a dilapidated bag, and the whole was topped by an old felt hat, which, had it ever belonged to a fashion, must have lost caste these many years. But as though this were not enough, each of these strange figures carried in his hand a long thick stick, reaching high above his head, and surmounted by a rude cross. Thus attired, they moved through the city and surrounding villages inspiring terror as they went. Young and old drew back at their approach and viewed them askance. What strange new kind of highwaymen might these be? For even in this peaceful Canadian country robbers were not unknown, and what robbers on earth could look more robberlike than this pair? Even the dogs set upon them, barking savagely.

But, quite undismayed by the stir their presence created, they made their way to the parish church,

which is ever the centre and dominating point of these lovely Canadian villages. There these strange men could be seen to kneel down before the altar and remain motionless for some time, long enough, indeed, to be carefully scrutinized by the curious villagers, who could then perceive below the oil-cloth cape the familiar lines of a soutane. Yet surely these men could not be priests. The mystery deepened. Perhaps, as they came out of the church, some one of the group of little children, whose curiosity soon gets the better of their fear, may have ventured a peep under one of those mysterious hats, and behold! instead of the fearful ogre of his dreams, he saw a young, boyish face, direct, determined and emaciated, but in years hardly more than a child, who, out of cheerful blue eyes, returned his shy advances with a look so frank and reassuring that all fear vanished forthwith.

When questioned, the answer of the pair was always the same. They were pilgrims. They were on their way to Quebec, without a cent of money for the journey, this determined boy of seventeen, and his companion hardly older. The younger of the two was William O'Brien Pardow, who a few months before had entered the Novitiate of the Company of Jesus, and he and his companion were two of the first band of pilgrims to set out for a month begging their way, to experience, as it were in miniature, something of the poverty and humiliation which this picked band of men must be ready to face at all times for the commanding officer whose name

they bear. This pilgrimage was, so to speak, an outward expression, a symbol of the entire life of the Company. Poor they were to be, with a deliberate poverty; travellers and wayfarers on the earth; ready for instant mobilization to any point; taking with them nothing for the journey, and wearing a uniform which was to attract the mockery, the misunderstanding, nay, even the terror of the world in general. They were to be humble and misunderstood, because their Master had been misunderstood; persecuted, if possible, because He had been persecuted; cast out from one village and another, from one nation and another, that the resemblance might be perfect, and that in all things, even in death, they might be as soldiers in the army, as officers in the Company of Jesus.

Chapter II

THE CHRISTIAN FAMILY

A BELL rang and a frail child sprang from his bed into the cold winter air of a New York morning. The room was dark, and as he felt for a match to strike a light, another boy, some eight years his senior, called out from across the room: "Is it already time, William?" In the room below, two sleepy little girls heard their brothers moving, and they too, shivering, crept out into the icy air, ashamed to be less courageous. For these children were brought up to no life of softness or compromise. Their parents believed in discipline and like a little regiment those growing boys and girls were trained.

Hastily William slipped into his clothes, stole down stairs and out the front door. The east wind nearly swept him off his feet, and the sleet stung his face as he hurried along Third Street to Second Avenue. But he could not turn back, nor could he wait for the other children, for he had promised to serve Mass at the Church of the Nativity, and it would be a serious thing for an acolyte to be late. At seven o'clock to the minute the boy could be trusted to appear each day at the door of the sacristy. He braced himself against

the storm, wondering whether he would find a priest, for once or twice, in such weather as this, no priest had been able to reach the church and the little alcolyte had waited a full half-hour before making up his mind that there would be no Mass. But today he found the priest ready. Serious and erect, William preceded him to the foot of the altar, a figure tiny yet military in its bearing. Stiffly he knelt in his little cassock, performing his own part of the Mass with precision and deep reverence, making the responses in his clear child's voice, his attention focussed on the great Sacrifice.

From his present post of dignity he could look back on those years when, as a tiny child in kilts, he had stolen out in the early morning to that same Mass. Then he was so small that when he knelt his head was quite hidden by the front of the pew, and he had felt hurt that the people around him smiled. But now he had attained the "age of discretion."[1] Only a few months before he had made his first confession, that milestone in the life of a Catholic child when he first realizes that character cannot be carved from without, even by the hand of a careful mother, but must be formed by a vital impulse from within, the result of a personal battle fought and won.

As soon as he was free, William started home at a run, for he must have his breakfast and be at school by nine o'clock. The storm was behind him now and blew the little figure along the pave-

[1] He was born on June 13, 1847.

ment like a feather. He could look up the street and see his sisters Augusta and Pauline climbing the stoop of the brown stone house which was their home, and his brother Robert with his hand on the door bell. They must all have been at Mass. And as the wind blew the children, dripping, into the front hall, they looked at each other with an enquiring smile, as much as to say: "You too?"

Breakfast was waiting, a grateful sight. At the head of the table sat their handsome mother, while in her hand loomed the familiar form of an old English book, from whose pages a chapter was read aloud each day during breakfast. To hungry boys and girls just back from Mass and from the chilly morning air, the words of those "Every Day Reflections" frequently fell upon indifferent ears, and once or twice the book had been hidden, in an effort to escape the wise counsels with which the day began. But in vain. The mother of that most Catholic family was firm; no one was allowed to leave the table until the book had been found and the chapter read. Fifty years later, Father Pardow remarked to his sister Augusta: "I believe we owe our religious vocations to that book."[1]

But in spite of the "Reflections" the children could not sit long at table, but promptly set out for school. Old St. Peter's in Barclay Street had been the scene of William Pardow's first experience of school life, that historic building opened a year before the Declaration of Independence, and fifty

[1] Of the five children, four entered religion: Robert and William, the Company of Jesus, Augusta and Pauline, the Society of the Sacred Heart.

years before the first public school of the country. "I can still see the class-room," said Father Pardow after the lapse of half a century, "and remember especially the statue of Saint Aloysius."

But this year the children went to school nearer home; Augusta and Pauline to the Academy of the Sacred Heart in Seventeenth Street, William to the preparatory day school of St. Francis Xavier's College in Sixteenth Street.

William Pardow came of a race of warriors, the O'Briens of County Clare. Many an ancestor had fought and died for a principle, and from Brian Boru, the warrior king, down through the centuries, the military tradition keeps recurring in almost every generation. Among the officers of the Irish Regiments in the French army we find the names of many an O'Brien, bearing the proud titles of Marquis of Thomond, Earls of Inchiquin, and Barons Burren. When in 1800, William O'Brien sought the New World, he did so as the result of an unselfish struggle for a principle. Pure patriotism had led him to identify himself with the cause of the United Irishmen; as a result he forfeited his title of Inchiquin, sold his property, and set sail for New York. There he established a successful banking house, but though the ocean lay between him and his beloved country, he never wavered in his loyalty to his own people and their cause, and it is characteristic of the man that when, many years later, he was offered the agency of the Bank of England, the loyal Irishman would have none of it.

Such was the maternal grandfather of William O'Brien Pardow. From the O'Briens he received his fighting blood, his ardent loyalty to a principle, his keen wit. From his father's family he inherited a strain of austerity and the long oval face of his Norman ancestors, for the Pardows had been originally *De Par Dieu*, and it had taken many centuries in Lancashire to Anglicize them to Pardow. But if the name had succumbed to environment, the faith had been valiantly retained, and the centuries of persecution that followed the Reformation had but strengthened it. In 1772, the first Pardow, Robert by name, came to New York, with his wife, Elizabeth Seaton, and his six children. He at once identified himself with the parish of St. Peter in Barclay Street, that first home of the faith in the city, and published New York's first Catholic newspaper, the weekly *Truth Teller*. Meanwhile his sons were educated in England by the Jesuits. Gregory, the elder, became a priest.[1] Robert, the younger, was anxious to follow his example, but finding that he had no vocation, returned to New York and married Augusta O'Brien. To his two boys and three girls he handed down, not only the family tradition of faith, but a capacity for concentration and steady work which was developed to the full by their training.

But it is to the mothers of great men that we turn instinctively in order to trace the first stamp on the coin of character, and Augusta Pardow well

[1] He became rector of the first Catholic church in Newark, New Jersey.

repays a passing glance, for hers was the strength and good judgment that kindled the healthy home atmosphere of that Catholic family. In her case the family traditions found vent in a less dramatic form than in her warrior forebears, yet in a true sense hers was the harder part to play. Many a man or woman is defeated by ease who would have flashed forth under persecution with the heroism of the martyr. In the more complex struggle against the imperceptible encroachment of a lax of moral code, Augusta Pardow stood firm. She brought up her children with almost military discipline, grounding them firmly in the nobler qualities which such training brings out, courage, obedience, and devotion to a cause outside of self. She needed no punishments, it would appear, to enforce her will, for her children realized from the first the principle of authority and its source. It was a point of honor to obey.

Toward her children, the mother's point of view was simple. Here were five young souls whom she held, as she felt, in trust for Christ. It was her duty to study their individual gifts, their inclinations and weaknesses, in order to kindle them to their true vocation in life; avoiding the danger of ignoring their real inclination and bent, without, on the other hand, yielding to every thoughtless whim. The responsibility could not be shirked by leaving them to choose anything they might happen to fancy. She kept a faithful watch, therefore, over what they read; indiscriminate reading being, as she thought, as dangerous to her

children as indiscriminate eating. In later years nothing so exasperated her Jesuit son as the lax bringing up of children that encourages habits of self-indulgence so difficult to uproot in later life. His own mother had sowed what she expected to reap, and her memory remained close to him throughout the years in which he sought to train the less "vertebrate" mothers who flocked to his sermons and retreats.

The Pardow household was well known for its warm-hearted generosity to the poor in those days when there were few organized charities in the city. Moreover, in Mrs. Pardow her friends found that ready sympathy in their troubles — the simultaneous flash of smile and tear — that is the genius of the Irish race, and which in her case was combined with a fund of common sense, and on occasion with considerable severity.

The two older girls and William came home from school early in the afternoon. Robert, who worked in his uncle's banking house, did not arrive until five, but William waited eagerly for his home-coming, for with Robert's return began the real fun of the day. When the familiar figure appeared, William's hand flung open the door, and the two boys rushed upstairs together. From their room the sound of boxing and fencing could be heard all over the house, a deafening noise, followed, as usual, by a sudden silence, which had been the cause of intense curiosity to the little girls. But today the mystery was to be solved, for Pauline had hidden herself in the boys' room, and from a

vantage point behind the bed she was to discover their secret. At a fixed hour the big brother and the little brother laid down their foils and knelt, side by side, to say their Rosary. Regularity and discipline were already in a real sense part of their young lives.

The evenings were merry in the Pardow household, for to their minds sadness and holiness were contradictory terms. The dinner table sparkled with their keen Irish wit, and the children were expected to contribute to the general gayety. After dinner there were family games, but William was inclined to wander off with a book, a silent little student from the first.

The day ended as every day had ended since the boy could remember. Parents, children and servants assembled in the little oratory, and, — patriarchal in their democracy before God — they all joined in reciting the Rosary, that universal prayer, so beautiful and so plastic in its application to each individual soul. While their united voices repeated, as in a running accompaniment, the words of the Angel to Mary, — the message of God Almighty to the greatest of all Mothers, — their minds dwelt in contemplation on one after another of the great events in the life of her Son, the Redeemer of the world; and each one freely drew from the meditation the help he needed in his particular state of life.

Thus the day closed with prayer of the lips, prayer of the mind, and prayer of the heart breaking out in the cry of all generations to that Mother, blessed among women: "Pray for us sinners!"

Chapter III

AMBULARE

"As the eagle that stirreth up her young
to fly, and fluttereth over them."
—Deut. xxxii.

FROM the year 1855 when the eight year old boy first came under the range of Jesuit formation until 1881 when, fully equipped, William O'Brien Pardow emerged, a finished soldier of the Company of Jesus, the powerful process of preparation was at work. Twenty-six years of formation may seem exaggerated in these days of quick results, but the Jesuit system is nothing if not thorough. "Instruction may be rapid," said Father Pardow in after life, "but education must be slow." In his own case, twenty-six years, he thought, had not been too many.

Numerous volumes have been written about the Company of Jesus, but, strangely enough, there is hardly a religious order whose spirit is less known or more persistently misunderstood. Ignatius Loyola lived in the sixteenth century, yet the wide scope of his genius included many of the so called discoveries of our own day in regard to psychology and the reaction and correspondence between mind and body. On the other hand, his knowledge of human nature in all its phases armed

Foley Photo.

THE BOY

him against the fads and exaggerations into which much of our contemporary training falls when his broad spirit is lacking.

Saint Ignatius left practically nothing in writing, with the exception of the Book of the *Spiritual Exercises*, and the whole educational system of the Jesuits — indeed all their work, whether ascetic, literary or scientific, — is based on the principles of this little volume, so brief yet so dynamic.

The *Exercises* have been called the school of the will, for the will, in the plan of Ignatius, is the most necessary faculty in our life, that on which dignity of character depends. His is a system of spiritual calesthenics which brings every faculty and sense, like a well-ordered regiment, under perfect command. Ignatius was a soldier. He became a soldier-saint. He applied the principles of military discipline to the undisciplined tendencies of man. "He found piety in many minds an inorganic mass of prayer, aspiration and sentiment; he organized it. It was not vertebrate; he made it so." In his training school no spiritual muscle is overlooked or over-exercised, but is gradually, consistently developed until the whole man, — if his own efforts co-operate with those of his trainer, — becomes fitted for his special vocation in life, be that vocation what it may. So far, then, from crushing the will, as is commonly supposed, the Jesuit system enthrones the will as supreme ruler and leads to the formation of a Spartan character. But, like steam which escaping at random is a source of dan-

ger, the will must be controlled and directed before it can be converted into power, the mighty power that is to move the whole man, against his own impulses, against his private interests and the pressure of his own passions.

The Company's most serious challenge to the world of today, with its weak deterministic theories, lies precisely at this point: it undertakes to train the will, to develop it like the mind or the memory. The Jesuit teacher begins this training in the primary grades, strengthening the will by constant exercise, on the theory that a child who follows every impulse, and does not form habits of self-conquest when young, will find his will ever weaker and weaker in proportion as he advances in life.

"You may keep a boy at school as long as you like," said Father Pardow, the teacher, "but if his will is not educated with his head, his conscience with his memory, knowledge of algebra and skill in penmanship, the date of the Battle of Bunker Hill and the number of gallons of water contained in Lake Michigan will be no guarantee that he will not use his acquired knowledge to fashion himself into as consummate a scoundrel as ever entered a prison cell. We have no quarrel with intellectual culture. Our only contention is that it has no necessary connection with morality, and that however valuable it may be to the individual, it has no saving virtue for the state. . . . The country's greatest need is character; not so much the making of laws as the making of men."

In the sixty years that have passed since Father

Pardow was a schoolboy, secular educators have been obliged to face this weakness in the school system of the country, but they are as helpless as ever when it comes to finding a remedy, lacking as they do the key to the solution of the problem. To develop the intellectual faculties is a problem they feel competent to deal with, but who, they ask, can pretend to offer a graded course of moral development? The Company of Jesus accepts the challenge. It "undertakes to develop the entire man, to stimulate and evolve all the mighty forces dormant in the human soul," to train the moral faculties with the intellectual, and create responsibility as fast as it creates power. In the eyes of the Jesuit teacher the secular school system is inadequate because it is based on false psychology. It fails to take into account the human soul, and is therefore one-sided and incomplete. It has been seeking to educate our future citizens by mechanics only; whereas we need dynamics as well. To the Jesuit teacher education is not mechanism: it is life, life in its fullest, deepest meaning, with the various grades — physical, mental and spiritual — rightly developed and co-ordinated. Nothing less than this merits in his eyes the name of education.

On this point the Jesuit educator speaks in no uncertain voice: "If we are really to educate the man, we must impart to him a clear, definite and full knowledge of his immortal destiny," a vast undertaking, but one which each Jesuit teacher sets before himself as a minimum of achievement, and for which he considers seventeen years of

special preparation none too much. "For without this knowledge it is as impossible for a human being to develop along right lines as it is impossible for a pilot to guide his vessel successfully to its destination without knowing the location of the port whither he is to tend, or without possessing the ability to read aright the mariner's compass by his side."

Religion the Jesuit considers essential to all true education, but the question still remains as to the proper place for religion to be taught. The answer, in Father Pardow's own way of putting it, is this: "Wherever and whenever a human being is being educated and as long as he is being educated. He is being educated in the home? Let religion enter there. He is being educated in the class-room? Let religion enter there. He is being educated in social life? Let religion enter there."

William Pardow's home training had been of such a nature that he found little to unlearn when he entered the preparatory school of St. Francis Xavier's College. He had already undertaken, on his own initiative, the discipline of his will, and thus there was no sudden change in his life. The lines of character deepened perceptibly under the mighty training and became fixed.

He retained a vivid impression of his school days. "It was activity from the word *go!*" he wrote. "There was no place for passivity in those classes! It was a personal work to be done." The teacher outlined the work, made stimulating suggestions, but there were no "complete in every detail"

presentations given. Each boy had to do his own thinking, the wise theory of Ignatius being that what a person discovers for himself through his own reasoning is of more educational value than any number of facts told him by another person.

For, contrary to the popular impression, the Jesuit formation at once brings out in bold relief the individual. It does not go to the extreme lengths of individualism to which other modern institutions of learning have tended, that educational vicious circle which allows choice to the pupil at a time when he would precisely need the education in order to be able to choose correctly. But the Jesuit system, nevertheless, is founded on careful study of the individual, and the training is adjusted to the person. "To answer the question, What to bring out? we must first answer the question: What is *in?*" It is always the developing *of a person by a person*, for Ignatius attached great importance to the contact of mind with mind. The teacher's function was never to degenerate so far as to become a mere "transferring of certain dry facts from books to brains." The process of education was too subtle, too artistic for that. In Father Pardow's words, it was "not drill, but fertilization; not a pouring in, but a drawing out; its aim was to develop activity of mind and constancy in spite of difficulties, a most important lesson for after life."

As a schoolboy William showed the same painstaking quality which distinguished him in after life. He led his classes, and according to a con-

temporary, "was the most industrious of us all. I doubt whether he was absent three days out of the nine years," which, if true, was a remarkable proof of constancy, for his health was frail and his regularity must have cost him many a conflict with poor "Brother Ass."

He is remembered by his schoolmates as quiet and thoughtful, with "a certain attractive reserve of manner and a humorous tact that helped him to meet many situations that would have tried another boy's patience." "He made no enemies among the boys, because, though conscientious, he was not a prig, and could be good without being a bore." Thus writes a classmate who knew him well from the age of seven, and adds: "He was athletic, but so methodically so, that none of us had any idea that he was delicate. His hair was so fair that it looked almost white and he might have been taken for an albino had it not been for his eyes, which were very dark and full of fire."

According to the plan of his parents, William Pardow was destined for a business career, a place being open to him in the banking house of his uncles, William and John O'Brien. Indeed, we may gather that his mother felt some misgivings in regard to the time he was devoting to advanced Latin and Greek, and protested to Father Thiry of the College. She left the interview, however, convinced that it was best for her son to finish his education along the usual lines. Whether she suspected the impending vocation and wished to put it to the test, cannot be determined. Cer-

tainly William himself had not spoken to her on the subject, shrinking perhaps, instinctively, from a possible rebuff; but to his sister Augusta, whose thoughts were focussed on the same point, he spoke plainly of the spiritual intuitions that pointed with increasing emphasis toward the religious life.

In spite of a certain reserve in expressing his feelings, he was capable of intense devotion both to people and principles. This lack of demonstrative affection is often confused with lack of feeling by those whose emotions lie nearer the surface, yet to William Pardow it was in a sense desecration to uncover his inner shrines, and only by sacrifices for those he loved did he betray the force of the current within.

A dramatic event flashed into his quiet life when William was fourteen, in the breaking out of the Civil War. All his patriotic ardor was stirred, and when the call came for volunteers he responded at once, only to find that he was too young to bear arms. His brother Robert enlisted, and William went with him, night after night, to the Twenty-Second Regiment Armory to watch the drills, while the military blood of his ancestors surged within him. Would they not take him at least as a drummer-boy when they should be ordered to the front?

Frequently the departing troops gathered in the street outside their home, and Mrs. Pardow prepared hot coffee for the men. We can picture the eager William passing the coffee and looking enviously into the faces of those men who were old enough to go to the front.

At last came the day when Robert's regiment was ordered south, and William was left behind. It was heart-breaking. He watched the procession as it went down Broadway, gay with brass bands, bright with new uniforms and flying colors. How often he described the scene in his meditation on the Kingdom of Christ, and then depicted with startling realism the same scene a few months later: the return of the soldiers, emaciated and bedraggled, many wounded, some brought home in ambulances — all the details, so painfully impressed upon his mind, were made to illustrate analogies in the spiritual warfare.

For he himself was soon to enlist under another standard, and on the very firing line of the enemy, receive the scars of battle, wearing himself out gayly and joyfully in the cause of that higher patriotism.

Kopke Photo.

THE STUDENT

Chapter IV

THE ENLISTMENT

"Compost of heaven and mire,
Slow foot and swift desire,
Lo,
To have Yes, choose No."
— Francis Thompson.

WHAT may have been his interior struggle at this period of his life, we do not know. That he did not choose the line of least resistance is at least suggested by a remark of his in later life. "When I made up my mind to become a Jesuit," he said, "I sat down and cried." Yet of this struggle not even his closest friends suspected the existence. When he was graduated from St. Francis Xavier's College at the age of seventeen[1] he decided to settle what uncertainty remained in his own mind by an immediate test. Characteristically, he set about it without waste of time.

To his mother he announced that he would make a retreat. If he came home after three days, he would remain in the world and take up a business career. If he stayed for six days he would be a secular priest, but if he stayed eight days she might know he was to be a Jesuit. Perhaps the result was a foregone conclusion to his own mind, and

[1] He was graduated in June, 1864, with the degree of A.B., having taken the highest honors of his class in Philosophy and in the Evidences of Religion.

this but his way of breaking the news gradually, for even so "vertebrate" a mother must be given time to prepare for the sacrifice to come. She sat at home and counted the days, a terrible game in which her boy's future was at stake, her own relation to him in the balance. Eighteen months before she had said farewell to her eldest daughter.[1] Three generations had accompanied Augusta to the convent at Manhattanville, her mother, her mother's mother, and her brother William, when — decked as a bride — they had left her, the first gift to the great Bridegroom. Now was a second gift to be demanded so soon; must she relinquish also this son, who was closest perhaps of all her children? The days passed; she faced the fact that her son was to be a priest; but a more radical sacrifice threatened her, for which she struggled to brace herself; for the Jesuit bids farewell in a much more final sense to his family than does a secular priest. His must be that complete detachment from all ties of earth that leaves him free to be sent by his regiment to the furthest extremity of the world at a moment's notice. Not even inwardly must his heart be fixed on persons or places, nor his judgment swayed by human ties, even the purest. It was the full "leave all and follow Me" of the Gospel. This his mother knew, and, as darkness began to draw in on that sixth day, she grew weak with fear, for she realized that William would not come; indeed she had known

[1] On November 18th, 1862, Augusta Pardow entered the Society of the Sacred Heart.

it from the beginning. He was a Jesuit — she could see it — both by temperament and by training. Had she not trained him herself for this very moment — trained him to relinquish him? That night she recited the Rosary with what remained of the family circle. The sword had indeed pierced her own heart, and pierced it like that other mother's, through the very perfection of her Son's devotion to His Father's business.

William was admitted to the Company of Jesus by Father Tellier, Superior of the New York mission. The final separation was not to take place, however, until the last days of August, so that there was a respite. The family decided to spend the time at Sodus Point on the shore of Lake Ontario, where they had passed the summer in previous years. Here it was that William had had his one real taste of childhood, and here it was that he bade farewell forever to the world of childish ideals. Yet those final days among the rolling hills and deep forests were marked by none of the solemnity of sacrifice. He rowed and swam in the sparkling waters of the bay, and wandered off by himself among the little still inlets edged with Egyptian lotus lily, whose large flat leaves lay upon the surface of the water and whose delicate flowers rose slender and majestic against the dark bank. His love for lilies in later life may have been an unconscious tribute to those light-hearted days. In spite of his frail appearance, William was athletic, and enjoyed the long days on the water with the other boys and girls, his many cousins and cousins'

cousins. His gayety and dry humor made him popular with the other children, and his never-failing good temper was contagious.

He seems to have radiated an influence as unconscious as it was strong. In the case of his aunt's niece, Rose Lummis, then a girl of nineteen, his companionship during those short weeks turned the current of her entire life. Her biographer gives an interesting account of this period of her life.[1] She had been brought up in an atmosphere of unconscious prejudice against Catholics, in full force of the "Knownothing" movement. Her first impression of the Church had been vivid. One of her aunts had become a Catholic, and seeing the horrified faces of the family, the child, hardly more than a baby, had asked: "What does it mean to be a Catholic?" "Something very dreadful, Rose," had been the answer, and she had never lost that early impression of gloom and mystery. A close friendship had grown up, however, between herself and William Pardow. On the last day of that last vacation he decided to tell her his secret, which until then only his mother shared. It was at the end of their final picnic on one of the islands, and the other children were already shoving the boats from the shore for the return journey, when he took Rose aside and told her very simply that he was about to enter the novitiate of the Company of Jesus. There was no time for explanations — perhaps he had wished it to be so. She was left to think out the astounding fact alone. Here was

[1] Life of Madame Rose Lummis, by Delia Gleason.

a boy of seventeen, with every quality that would have made him a success in the world; with a sincerity and rugged goodness which made his motives unimpeachable, giving himself so simply to a life of self-annihilation. What was the cause that could demand such a sacrifice? What was the power that could enable him to make it so cheerfully?

Her only ally was the penny catechism, her friend's last keepsake. William, for his part, had planted the seed and left it. On the very day his religious life began — his first at the novitiate — he received a letter from Rose Lummis opening with the exclamation: "I am a Catholic!" She was his first convert, and had been drawn, like so many in after years, as much by the contagion of a pure and beautiful presence as by the fire of the great Jesuit's eloquence.

It was on the seventh of September that the young man arrived at the novitiate at Sault-au-Recollet, his heart still braced after those final farewells. The parting between mother and son had been worthy of both; there had been no faltering on either side when the moment came. A carriage drove up to the door and two Jesuits entered, who had come to bear away the young recruit. In a moment he was gone. His mother stood with the two younger girls, all that were left, watching the carriage grow dim and disappear in the distance. "It was like a funeral," said one of the family group in describing the scene. But to the boy himself, it was the beginning of life, a life from which self had fallen away like a heavy chain.

Chapter V

THE RECRUITS

> "Let me love Thee so that the honors, riches and pleasures of the world may seem unworthy even of hatred — may not be even encumbrances." — Coventry Patmore.

SAULT-AU-RECOLLET is a little French Canadian settlement nine miles from Montreal. It owes its name to the martyrdom of a Recollet priest whom, in early missionary days, the Hurons had drowned in the rapids of the *Rivère-des-Prairies*. This village, as though by birthright, had become the nursery for the spiritual athletes of the Company of Jesus. The novitiate, which at that time took in the recruits of both New York and Canadian Missions, stood a little back from the broad village street, a solid square of gray limestone, flanked by fields and rolling country. The peaceful charm and pastoral simplicity of the scene did but set off in bold relief the rugged spiritual drama enacted in its midst.

In the early autumn young Pardow reached Sault-au-Recollet, which for the next two years was to be his home. Before being put into actual training he had been given two weeks in which to study the rules and constitutions of the Order that he

might understand the life in detail before entering upon it. He, too, was being studied.

"Are you ready," he was asked, "to renounce the world, to renounce possession of worldly goods and all desire to possess them? Are you ready, if need be, to beg your bread from door to door for the love of Jesus Christ?"

"Are you willing to live in whatever country of the world and in whatever employment the superior shall judge that you can be most useful to the greater glory of God and the salvation of souls?"

"Are you resolved to obey your superiors in all matters wherein you shall not consider your conscience wounded by sin?"

"Do you feel generously determined to reject with horror all things that most men, being slaves to the world's prejudices, do love and embrace? Will you accept and desire, with all your power, those things that Jesus Christ our Lord did love and embrace?"

"Do you consent to clothe yourself in the livery of ignominy which He bore, to suffer as He did (and through love for Him) reproaches, false testimony, and injuries, having yourself given no cause for them?"

Thus did the Company question its young postulant and lay before him the conditions of admission. But as Saint Francis discovered long ago, "a man only grasps fully what he translates into action," and thus the two years of novitiate upon which William Pardow was entering were to be no mere study of the theory of asceticism, but a prac-

tical experience of the spiritual life in action. Everything in the training was to be concrete, nothing left vague or uncertain. It was to be as definite as the surgeon's knife, as incisive as the sculptor's chisel.

The novices' dormitory was a large room with a bureau and a desk for each one. Out of this room opened a series of little alcoves divided off by curtains from the main room. Brother Pardow's alcove was like all the others; it contained a bed, a washstand and a chair. Before the first ray of daylight (indeed at half past four o'clock), a bell rang and a voice called out before each alcove in turn "*Benedicamus Domino*" and the voice within responded promptly through the darkness — let us hope without a tinge of sarcasm — "*Deo gratias*" as the owner of the voice sprang out of bed. Rapidly he dressed and took his place in the chapel, where all the novices assembled.

At five began the time of meditation, perhaps the most crucial in the Jesuit plan, when power is obtained for the day's campaign through understanding and prayer. This system of meditation is strikingly prophetic of many psychological discoveries of today. The meditation is "prepared" the night before, that it may, as it were, germinate during the hours of sleep by a process of unconscious cerebration. The last thought before going to sleep should be the subject of next morning's meditation; it should also be the first thought on awakening. The mind must not be allowed to wander completely while dressing, nor even during the

morning visit to the chapel. Finally the meditation itself begins with an effort to concentrate completely on the subject. The scene and the people are visualized clearly, more or less in detail, as a means of holding the imagination or of bringing it back, should it wander from the subject. During the hour of meditation, the subject-matter of the meditation is analyzed in its personal bearing. Each one lives the scene again, hears the words as though spoken to himself personally, draws the conclusions applicable to his own case, determines where he has failed in the past, and how he can make changes for the future. Saint Ignatius, who originated all this, disapproved of large, vague resolutions. The results to be aimed at must be concrete, personal, and of a kind, if possible, which can be translated into immediate action.

The morning meditation gives the key-note to the day. At lunch time, and again at night, the novice stops and examines carefully the actions, the thoughts, the omissions of the day in the light of the morning's resolutions, comparing theory with practice — and gradually dawns self-knowledge — the beginning of wisdom.

There are other less congenial guides to self-knowledge in the novitiate. The young Jesuit must welcome the criticism of any one who may happen to notice his defects, to say nothing of the reproofs of his superior. Moreover, a good deal of human nature comes out in the crucible of unsympathetic employments, and in these matters, novice masters rarely pander to individual tastes. Before

breakfast and after Mass, each young man makes up his bed and sweeps his room very neatly and carefully. After breakfast, armed with brooms and aprons, the novices divide the labors of a good housewife; some are sent to help the cook, others to wash up the community dishes and the greasy pots and pans, for "commonly," says the Rule, "some corporal exercise is good for both body and spirit, and advisable for those who do much mental work." Later in the day they are set to work at making paths, or mowing grass, at pulling weeds or picking stones from embryonic gardens. How full of the spirit of the *Exercises* can these humble tasks be made! They are, however, but by way of parenthesis to the real work of the novitiate, which is, in the words of Père de Ravignan, "prayer, prolonged meditation, a practical study of perfection, and above all, the most entire denial of oneself; courageous reformation of the inclinations of nature; a faithful daily struggle against love of false honors and false enjoyments; habitual use of the *Spiritual Exercises;* conversation with God; and knowledge of a hidden world at the bottom of the soul, of a life completely interior."

The day was divided into periods of half an hour, sometimes of twenty minutes, rarely of a full hour. To leave one occupation promptly at the sound of the bell and take up the next with the same energy and enthusiasm, is in itself no light training of the will. Let those who doubt it try for themselves!

Silence was the rule; conversation the exception. Except at the hours of recreation, no talk-

ing was allowed, and if something of importance had to be said, it must be done in a whisper and in as few words as possible. Everything was planned to promote concentration of mind.

As William Pardow — now Brother Pardow — began to understand the Rules, he found that they left room for considerable elasticity. In the details of life it is a spirit rather than a strict rule that reigns in the Company, the spirit of the *Exercises* applied practically. But let no young novice conclude that the flexibility of the Rule will make life in the Company easy, for, on the contrary, to apply a spirit demands a zeal and a certain trained perception far greater than that required for mere mechanical obedience to a fixed rule.

The complex vocation of the Jesuit assumes that each member of the Order will be so carried along by this spirit, so practised in responding to its direction, that its application to concrete cases gradually becomes habitual, almost instinctive, and this whether it be applied to the most trivial details of daily life or to those great crises involving the heroism of the martyr, the supernatural renunciation of the saint.

It was because Ignatius founded his Order for the uplifting of the world that he did not fetter it with a wooden constitution. He knew that the world would be constantly changing and that the weapons of warfare must vary within limits of prudence. But the spirit must remain fixed, acting not mechanically, but vitally. It was to be, then,

"the interior law of charity and love" that was to guide "this least Company of Jesus . . . rather than any exterior constitutions." So runs the opening phrase of the Summary of the Rules.

This animating spirit, as developed and applied, is no less than the close and literal imitation of Christ. It aims at making out of each raw recruit a strict replica of the supreme Model. But as the literal following of Christ involves following Him through some very rough places, the preparation has to be rigorous. Ignatius planned the training of a regiment of athletes, few in number, but all picked men, to be prepared for any emergency and ready for immediate action. His system combined the ardor of the knight-errant with the stern logic and scientific exactness of modern military tactics.

How did this most practical of saints propose to hold the Company together and maintain the spirit of the Order in full force without a more detailed code of laws? To have allowed this spirit to be applied according to the individual judgment of each member would have disrupted his great regiment in a short time. His plan was very different. The Company was to be held together by an obedience, enlightened, yet absolute, obedience not to a written law, but to a person. The whole system, so fixed yet so flexible, was to depend for its success upon the fine adjustment of a general principle to an individual case in such a manner as to combine absolute stability of principle with wise elasticity in its application. But the flexi-

bility of the Rule, with all its delicate individualism, is made possible only by the Jesuit obedience to a person.

The obedience of a Jesuit, like the rest of his training, is military. The soldier does not argue when he hears the bugle, nor does the Jesuit hesitate at the sound of the bell. In neither case does the private enter into discussions with his commanding officer on questions of tactics during the heat of a campaign. But here the resemblance ends; for there is a quality in the obedience of the Jesuit which that of the soldier lacks. The conformity of the soldier may be external only. He may be intellectually opposed to warfare, and antagonistic to the maintenance of a standing army. He may question the policy of his general to his heart's content; to obey orders is the sum total of his duty. Not so with the Jesuit. The Company was founded at a time when the great principle of authority itself was under attack, and the regiment was raised as a living protest. This military band was to refute by its life, even more than by its words, the exaggeration of individualism which would raise that tiny thing, the human judgment, against the revealed wisdom of God. Obedience was to have a spiritual as well as a practical value with these men, and in a special sense obedience — interior as well as exterior — became the virtue *par excellence* of the Company of Jesus. Not that mechanical obedience which degenerates into mere drill, but obedience that springs from a full inner assent, an assent depending not at all upon the

nature of the order given, nor upon the personality of the one who commands, for it is not the individual that the Jesuit sees in his superior. The superior stands to him in the place of Christ. "Love of the Law Giver is the motive of Jesuit obedience; each order is as the 'voice of the Beloved.'"[1] The General is elected by the Company, and holds office for life. Every care is taken that he shall be a man of wisdom and prudence, thoroughly tested in positions of responsibility in the Order. But when once he has been placed in authority, the superior is obeyed, *not* because he is thought supremely wise, nor because his personal policy is thought infallible. The superior has become the human agent through whom Christ directs His army; he merely transmits the commands of the General-in-Chief.

From this central principle springs the marvellous cohesion of the Jesuit Order. Obedience becomes "not a mechanical movement within prescribed limits, but a *life*, ardent and active, exceeding duty and outstripping requirement."[2] Rules there are "to supplement poor human nature as it slackens," but "their restriction of liberty is not restriction of life, or rather, it might be said that they restrict a certain kind of life in order to develop another kind, like a pruning of useless branches."[3]

In this life of obedience, Brother Pardow found — in the words of the poet — "not bonds, but wings." Whatever may have been his struggles while determining his vocation, there was no hesita-

[1] Father Pardow. [2] *Idem.* [3] *Idem.*

tion now. Having once accepted the great fundamental principle of the Order, the details were accepted with it. He did not give himself by halves.

The master of novices was Father James Perron, an old officer of the French army. His influence on the character of William Pardow was strong and permanent; indeed, there was more than one point of resemblance, in later life, between the pupil and the man who first formed him in the Ignatian mold.

Father Perron had been an aristocrat, a rich land-owner and a soldier. As aide-de-camp to Marechal Bugnand, he had seen active service in the Algerian campaign, and, at the age of twenty-seven, was on the point of promotion to a generalship. He heard the call of One who had a higher right to his obedience, and, responding promptly, Le Colonel du Perron resigned from the army of France to enter the ranks of the Company of Jesus.

Through life he retained his military habits. "He appeared to me always a warrior, a knight of the Lord," said one of his novices. "It was an impressive sight to see him say Mass. He approached the altar absorbed, his eyes tight shut, as though to keep out distractions by violence, his hands clutching the chalice in an intense energy of recollection. His whole bearing conveyed a more intimate sense of the Real Presence than any sermon."

His official instructions to the class had the appearance of complete spontaneity, which added not a little to their effect. He used no notes, but

had a peculiar habit, after taking his place on the platform, of sitting silent, with eyes tight shut, until it seemed as though he had forgotten the expectant novices before him. Then, suddenly, as though shot from a cannon, the words came forth at furious speed, yet not swiftly enough to keep pace with his thoughts, thoughts which, in their sincerity and the intensity of their conviction, possessed a real, if unstudied eloquence.

Father Perron's austerities were the subject of many a whispered tale, but the rigid side of his nature was saved for himself alone. Toward the novices he showed not only patience and sympathy, but that delicate intuitive tact which is so necessary if the bent reed is not to be broken nor the smouldering flax to be quenched.

In his class of twelve, two were quite young. Brother Turgeon, a French-Canadian boy, was just eighteen and had been the Benjamin of the class until Brother Pardow appeared, but the latter with his seventeen years and slight figure looked hardly more than a child. Father Perron threw the two together in their various employments. One could speak no English, the other no French, but both were young, both, perhaps, a trifle homesick, and a basis of understanding was quickly established.

Father Perron did not expect to see results in a day, yet, as the months passed, his training grew more severe. His commands were tempered, however, by the saving grace of humor, and with a joke on his lips he put the novices to a series of trials carefully planned to bring out what was

lacking in each character. From the first he recognized the rare qualities of Brother Pardow. His firm will, his almost scrupulous care in carrying out each detail of the tasks allotted him; his determined victory over physical handicaps, stamped him as of the stuff from which saints are fashioned. Indeed the only cause for serious doubt as to his vocation for the Company of Jesus lay in the question of health, for the Jesuit's life is a hard one, and there could be no true call to embrace it where health was lacking to carry out its demands; the rare exception to this rule being in cases where the strength of will is so great that it could be counted on to drive the feeble body to its duties on all occasions.

William Pardow suffered from torturing headaches and from a poor digestion; sometimes special food had to be prepared for him, a bitter mortification. Once he had to give in to a serious attack of illness, and two weeks, two precious weeks, were lost in bed. When he recovered it was to meet the blow of Father Perron's decision that his health could not stand the strain of a Jesuit's career. Obediently he made his preparations for departure, but his sense of vocation was so strong that he got no farther then the doorstep, and there he sat, determined and patient, asking for one more trial, until Father Perron readmitted him. From that time on, it would seem that his health improved, or else that our Lord accepted him, headaches and all.

Chapter VI

EXPERIMENTUM CRUCIS

IN January came the great test of the Jesuit novice, the thirty days' retreat.

Twice during his life, once as a novice and again before taking his solemn vows, the Jesuit comes under the full power of the *Spiritual Exercises* of Saint Ignatius, — that force which brought the Company into being, and which, like a fountain of perpetual youth, provides for the renewal of its spirit. For thirty days, on each occasion, he makes these Exercises in what is termed the Great Retreat.

The Exercises begin with pure reason, but the ultimate aim is not intellectual development. The intellect is only the means. Until a thing is clearly understood it cannot be acted upon by the will, and the aim of the Exercises is to form a strong, well-focussed will.

Strength of will is often confused with strength of passion. Ignatius thought otherwise. With the Jesuit, emotion must never take the place of judgment, and the development of will-power, of deliberate choice as opposed to impulse, is the very root of the whole Jesuit formation. The will must be liberated from passions and emotions before it can be free to follow what reason dic-

tates. The first week (or rather division) of the Exercises is given over to this freeing of the will.

The interior warfare takes place silently, in complete solitude. The soul is alone with God, except for the novice-master who regulates the Exercises, cheering those whose courage flags; warning others against exaggerations of zeal.

The work of the second week presupposes the will to be ready to make its choice unshackled by self-love or personal preferences. The liberated will is confronted with the vivid image of our Lord. Under the veil of a military parable He appears, a General seeking recruits for His Company, who will agree to follow in His footsteps and share His labors. During that week the life of Christ is, as it were, *lived* — from Bethlehem to Calvary, from the Annunciation to the Resurrection. All the powers of the mind are focussed, the imagination is controlled and stimulated; for while Ignatius would not allow the imagination to interfere with reason, he used it in its own place, and even made suggestions for it of a vivid and fantastic character. The retreatant throws himself into each scene as an actor. He watches the persons, listens to their words as if spoken to himself personally, not in a historic past, but today. He learns by imitation, almost by personal contact; and thus the Exercises, far from being a cold mechanism, as might appear from a casual reading, are in practice an introduction to a close inner companionship with Christ.

In the third week, raw energy is converted into

power, for the Exercises are not "a mere contemplative relaxation," we are told by an expert in their use — Père de Ravignan, the famous preacher at Notre Dame. "Soldiers perform their exercises to prepare for battle," he wrote. "The exercises are to prepare us for deciding and acting." Here, above all, the soul must be left alone with God. Even the novice-master is warned against swaying, be it ever so indirectly, the choice of his pupil. The novice is still free, he is bound by no vows. He must choose his state of life, seeking only to know the will of God. When he has made his decision — whatever that decision may have been — he is brought face to face with the Cross; the one vivid, inevitable reality in life. To learn to carry it with the dignity of an apostle, and welcome it, is the work of the third week. In the fourth, comes the climax of the Exercises: joy, a joy which is undimmed by suffering. From the heights of the "Meditation on Divine Love," Ignatius leads his followers to the gateway from asceticism to mysticism. No further than this can a human teacher lead. Beyond that point, Divinity itself must stoop, and, if it so wills, raise impotent humanity to a closer union.

The rigorous Canadian winter had passed, and the breath of spring transformed the valley. A flutter of excitement stirred the novitiate, for its sons were about to start on a pilgrimage.

The founder of the Society had originated the pilgrimage when, during the early days of his con-

version, he had begged his way through most of southern Europe, and even as far as the Holy Land. A month of holy vagabondage had been retained by the Company as a regular feature of Jesuit formation. But in non-Catholic countries, this literal imitation of our Lord and the first Apostles had given rise to so much antagonism that it had been reluctantly abandoned. In the year of William Pardow's novitiate the custom was revived for the first time in America.

On the 14th of May, 1865, the old officer, Father Perron, reviewed his regiment, lined up before him for inspection, fully equipped. There were no shining brass buttons or gold braid, but a weather-beaten felt hat, and a round oil-cloth cape which reached half-way to the knees, and served both as overcoat and umbrella. A staff surmounted by a cross, and a small bag or knapsack completed the outfit, the latter containing the strict necessaries of the road, to wit: a meditation book, a change of clothes and a piece of soap. The pilgrims were told to wash their clothes at a convenient stream; they were to be poor but not untidy tramps, for cleanliness was a virtue which, according to the Rule, was "necessary both to good health and to edification."

Having passed muster to the satisfaction of their superior officer, the regiment sallied forth. The neighbors stared in wide-eyed curiosity, for though the pilgrims have since become a familiar sight along the banks of the St. Lawrence, their first appearance was both strange and startling.

In Catholic Canada respect for the poor is a living, vivid thing. It is touching, even today, to see the tenderness tinged with admiration with which the humble peasants dispense their charity to the still poorer, the penniless wayfarer. Only a few months ago, one who visited the scene of Father Pardow's early training, walked down the same village street, shaded by an avenue of huge trees under the Gothic lines of whose branches the tiny white houses seemed dwarfed and unreal. A crowd of children clustered around an organ grinder, eagerly, respectfully. He is poor! In rags! He has but a single leg! Glorious! He is moving on. . . . Oh, if one could always keep him with his music, his rags. . . . "Monsieur, oh, Monsieur!" calls a shrill but respectful voice to the accompaniment of scampering feet, "Have the goodness to accept a cent!" And the cent is accepted graciously, but with a certain condescension by the owner of the rags. . . . The visitor proceeded, unnoticed, down the village street, lacking the distinction of such complete poverty, and wondered the while whether those other pilgrims, poor men and wayfarers, had received so warm-hearted a welcome as this modern beggar. Could they but have dressed in rags instead of that semi-respectable oil-cloth, their success would have been assured. But this would have been too easy a popularity. For the Jesuit, the austere, the unromantic oil-cloth.

Pardow's companion was Brother Thébèrge, a Canadian, silent and austere, who rarely spoke

and never smiled. Their route included begging their way on the boat from Montreal to Quebec, and, from there, walking among the surrounding villages, helping parish priests in their work while begging food and lodging.

They followed a certain routine as they walked: they made the morning meditation, the rosary was said in common, — but, for the rest, Brother Pardow's silent companion left him to his own interior resources. He did not walk with downcast eyes, but took in with enthusiasm every detail of the passing panorama, for he was versed in the divine alchemy of transforming the beauty of nature into spiritual nourishment for his soul.

Years never dimmed that impression of rural Canada and its people. This child of a big city, with its hysterical hurry and strain after things unessential, had never before come in contact with an atmosphere of universal Christian ideals. Each tiny village with houses clustered close around the church spire; each group of wholesome, happy peasants at work in the fields, stopping to kneel at the sound of the Angelus bell; each rural schoolhouse, filled to overflowing with healthy children, laboriously learning, in addition to the three R's, the fundamental principles of a sound philosophy, were sights which filled him with delight. He marvelled at that intangible serenity, in which lies the peculiar charm of the St. Lawrence country, the flower — as it seemed to him — of its Catholic faith.

The country people, for their part, were mys-

tified by the appearance of the young men and looked upon them with some suspicion. Those big sticks — what could they mean? And the strange garb? More than once as they approached a farm-house to ask their way, they could detect inquiring eyes peering at them through closed shutters, but their knock at the door remained unanswered.

The parish priests were no less astonished by their unexpected offers of help. Some were kind, gave the pilgrims a meal, allowed them to clean out the church, or teach catechism to a class of children; others, entering vigorously into the spirit of the adventure, turned them away with a scolding, and gave the pilgrims occasion to exercise their patience and humility.

A month later the reassembled community had many a story to tell. They had been attacked as robbers; captured as escaped lunatics; or appealed to as policemen. Moreover, there had been periods of enforced fasting, yet none of them were the worse for the adventure.

On the 19th of March, 1865, Brother Pardow preached his first sermon to the assembled community, on the subject of Saint Joseph. It was part of the novices' training to be called upon to preach with little or no preparation, as it taught them to think quickly and definitely. Already young Pardow had begun to take notes of everything that might be useful for future sermons, a practice that he kept up during his whole life. Many of the notes still exist dating from the time

of his studies at Laval in 1879 to the year of his death, arranged systematically for convenient reference.

During the autumn the novices took their turn at hospital duty. To care for the sick in hospitals and prisons had been one of the duties of the original Jesuits, and a month of hospital service has remained a part of Jesuit formation.

On the 6th of September, Pardow took his turn, living meanwhile at Saint Mary's College, the Jesuit house in Montreal, spending his days at the venerable Hôtel-Dieu, hospital, orphanage and poor-house, where he was under the orders of the Sœurs Hospitalières.

The small community of Sisters were habitually overworked and accepted gladly what help they could get, even that of an inexperienced novice. Brother Pardow was assigned to St. Patrick's Ward for English-speaking patients. The room was large and cheerful with a passage down the centre; white-curtained beds were ranged along the walls, while rows of windows on either side let in floods of sunlight. Here it was that the young Jesuit washed, dressed and fed his rows of helpless old men, bandaged their wounds or administered medicines under the Sisters' direction. Spiritual works of mercy fell also to his lot; he prepared more than one soul for death pending the arrival of the priest, and towards evening each day, he made the Way of the Cross while the patients responded from their beds with feeble voices.

If we may believe a contemporary, hospital duty

was at that time an ordeal very different from what it is now. In those days fresh air was looked upon as the one fatal enemy of the sick, and dirt as an unavoidable adjunct of a poor-house. To a delicate person those long hours in a poisonous atmosphere were an exhausting ordeal, and Brother Pardow was left at the hospital only two weeks instead of the usual month.

A deepening note of solemnity characterizes the second year of the novitiate. There is a ring of finality in the atmosphere, for the irrevocable decision of each man is imminent. To one who remains in the Company, the year ends with the simple vows, and after that, the Jesuit is no longer free to leave the Order. He has used his freedom to bind himself, voluntarily but permanently, to certain restrictions.

William Pardow had reached the last turning point in the road. On his decision must hang, not his personal fate alone, but, to some extent, that of the Order itself. He summoned to his aid all the self-knowledge acquired during those two years of practical reflection in the novitiate, and as a result, on September 1st, 1866, he knelt in the little chapel at Sault-au-Recollet and deeded himself over forever, "a holocaust" to Almighty God. Before the Blessed Virgin and the whole Court of Heaven — that cloud of witnesses — the young athlete entered the race of the strong, and under the protection of the Valiant Woman, he took those binding vows; clothing himself in her robe

of angelic purity, in the poverty she had so dignified in the wearing, and in that perfect obedience summed up in her beautiful phrase: "Behold the little servant of the Lord: be it done unto me according to Thy word."

Chapter VII

INTRARE

> "My love not only dares the most searching light of philosophy, but requires it." — Coventry Patmore.

IT was the result of his own observation and experience in education that led the founder of the Jesuits to devise a system of studies. His own studies he had begun late in life after relinquishing his military career. In his effort to make up for lost time he undertook too many subjects at once — logic, literature, science, philosophy, theology, — with the result of confusing his mind and exhausting his body. But the experience served its own psychological purpose. One subject at a time, solidly grasped, became the rule for the Company's students. There was to be no overcrowding nor confusion in the mental equipment of the Jesuit.

The group of novices at Sault-au-Recollet, having devoted two years to a preliminary formation of the spirit, were about to enter upon a fourteen years' course of intellectual formation. The training included two years' study of literature and the Classics; three years of philosophy (covering the ground for a Doctorate of Philosophy); about five years of teaching in the colleges, and finally four

years' study of theology. At the end of all this, one might well suppose the young man's formation to be complete. But not so. It is at the end of those years of study that the Jesuit enters the novitiate once more, that the spiritual formation of the mature man is rounded out and, as it were, fixed against the background of his years of intellectual and practical experience.

The cosmopolitan character of the Company of Jesus lends to its training an international breadth both as regards personality and environment. The outline of William Pardow's formative years is a typical example. His novitiate and juniorate were spent in Canada under two Frenchmen and an Irishman (Father Perron, Father Charaux, and Father Henry Murphy); his first year of philosophy in New York City under an Alsatian (Father Theodore Fleck); his last two years of philosophy at Woodstock College, Maryland, under an Italian and an Alsatian (Father Valenti and Father Schemmel).[1] The four years of his regency were passed in New York City. At a day's notice he was sent to France, where he studied theology at Laval under a Frenchman first, and then under an Italian (Father Terrien and Father Sanctus Schiffini). In France, at Paray-le-Monial, he spent his tertianship guided by another Frenchman, Father Paul Ginhac. In June, 1880, he was expelled from France with the rest of the Order as unworthy to live within her borders. After which, his educa-

[1] The rector was Father Angelo Paresce and the prefect of studies, Father Camillus Mazzella, afterwards cardinal.

tion being complete, he returned to his native land to apply what he had learned.

The object of these years of training is not simply to allow time for study, but to give the principles of perfection a chance to become deeply rooted. It takes many years to absorb a new sense of relative values to such a point that, by repeated application, the principles at stake are transformed into habits. Yet it is essential that this result be accomplished, for the Jesuit is not to be a man hedged about and guarded from the world. He is a warrior thrown into the thick of the fight, and his virtue must be, "not of circumstance but of character." The object of the training is to turn him out bullet-proof with not even the tip of his heel left vulnerable.

Ignatius, as was his custom, made his own difficulties as a student the basis of his general rules for the guidance of his Order. "No sooner did he enter school," we read, "and begin to commit his lessons to memory, than his mind was filled with lofty conceptions of heavenly things, and his soul was inundated with divine consolations. . . . The time that ought to have been given to his books was passed in acts of love to God." His logical mind was not to be deceived by appearances: "How is it," he asked himself, "that when I compose myself to prayer . . . I am not visited by these abounding lights, these rapturous emotions, but that, no sooner do I set about a common, irksome duty, than I am carried out of myself and rapt in God?" The deduction was obvious: the

raptures, far from being a heavenly inspiration, were a snare, and Ignatius' reply was to close his ears resolutely to such seductions during study hours, and even to renounce, to a great extent, the delights of divine contemplation during his student years. His advice to his young men in their scholastic period was to devote only the appointed time to formal prayer. This included the morning meditation, as an impetus to the day's work, the examination of conscience, as an estimate of progress and corrective if need be, and a few short periods of prayer in common. "Study," wrote Ignatius, "when it is pursued for the sole end of serving God, is in itself excellent devotion."

Thus, for William Pardow, the quiet life, guarded from distractions, had come to an end. Manresa had vanished, and the application of its principles to active work had begun. He found himself in the midst of absorbing work, requiring the focussing of all his energies. Under these conditions the interior life became hard, and the temptation was either to neglect it or to cultivate it at the expense of study. There was but one way in which to avoid this Scylla and Charybdis of the Jesuit student: he must practise the difficult art of turning each hour of study, each casual detail of the day's drudgery into a living act of love. "For it would be a mistake to imagine that because Saint Ignatius lessens the spiritual exercises after the novitiate, he therefore expects less perfection. On the contrary, he expects *more* . . . and if we have the spirit of our institute, we shall always be

on the look-out for occasions to get the interior spirit into our daily occupations, and our daily occupations will themselves become occasions for intensifying the spiritual life within us."[1]

It was in this mood that he arrived at Quebec, where he was to pass the two years of his juniorate, on the third of September, 1866. The new house in the Rue Dauphine was the first juniorate to be opened in the Canadian Mission. The building, a massive, sombre structure without, and almost empty within, was occupied by the Fathers attached to the adjoining church, and to the juniors' lot fell the tiny attic rooms under the roof, where they were exposed to the full heat of summer and to the intense cold of the Canadian winter. Moreover, they were so crowded that Brother Pardow and Brother Turgeon had to share a room. Their desk was a wooden box in which they had brought their books; their single candle was supported by a hollowed-out potato. Poverty — that "wall of religion" — was showing herself stripped of the romantic glamor of the pilgrimage.

The whole day was devoted to study, but the time was discreetly broken every two hours by an interval long enough to allow for a brisk walk. As the house and church were on the corner of Rue Dauphine and Rue d'Auteuil, at the western end of the fortifications, it was on the top of the old City Wall that Brother Pardow used to take his rapid walks, back and forth, between the gates

[1] Father Pardow.

of Saint-Jean and Saint-Louis. In the hour of recreation before supper he and his room-mate took many long walks around the old city, and there was hardly a corner of it, or of its walled ramparts that they did not know by heart. They were allowed to talk, but only in Latin, a permission which did not add greatly to the spontaneity of conversation. But if they talked little, they never tired of looking out over the broad curves of the Saint Lawrence River, at the rolling plains spread out in the distance, with Sainte-Anne-de-Beaupré and Lorette raising their delicate spires against the flaming heaven. Nature shone to them, as to Saint Francis, with a sacramental splendor, because they looked beneath the shell of nature's beauty and discerned the beauty that lay behind. It takes the poet to discover the hidden harmonies beneath the crust of ordinary speech, as it takes the saint — the seeker after the supernatural — to feel the full perfection of this world of nature.

Saint Ignatius held that "a moderate care for preserving our health and strength of body — thereby to serve God" was advisable, and Father Pardow himself advised the young men of the Order to pray for health as for learning; as there were too many dyspeptics in the world! Severe as was his own self-discipline, it never took the form of penances that could affect his health and thus react on the work he was doing for God. Indeed, during his student days, as in later life, he took his exercise with the same zeal as that

with which he studied and prayed, and for precisely the same reason. He was training for a specific object, and no detail of the equipment was insignificant.

Although Brother Pardow's self-discipline did not take the form of enfeebling his already frail health, we can get some insight into his method of attack through his own words and through the testimony of his companions.

"If we are going to correspond to our vocation, we must prepare for combat," he said. "The devil does not worry us much if we are tepid, but if we are really *willed*, then he tempts. Our piety must be strong." To him this was so fundamental a principle that in later life he remarked: "I should feel worried if I had no temptations; I should think the devil did not find me worth tempting."

The Jesuit plan of campaign against temptation is not mere resistance, but direct attack. He leans in the opposite direction to that toward which he is being pushed, and this principle of aggression applies to every tendency of nature that is not under direct control. In the regulated life of a student there is little opportunity for serious temptations; it is therefore upon small temptations that the young Jesuit must exert himself, for virtues, like muscles, become strong only by constant exercise.

"You can gauge your possession of the spirit of the Society by the depth to which *vince* enters into your daily life," said Father Pardow. That it was harder to be fervent in the juniorate than

in the novitiate, only argued that more pressure must be applied, and he asked permission to increase his penances, a permission which was granted him.

The ideal put before the young Jesuit is clearly focussed. He is to be a man of choice, not of impulse. Life is made up of a number of details, insignificant in themselves, but mighty in their effect upon the will, which must get the habit of "victory through violence." Here we have the material out of which the Jesuit character is built up, slowly, step by step. No detail of daily life is too small to contribute its quota to the structure. In the midst of absorbing work, the test of Jesuit piety is this: that wherever he is left free to determine his own action, impulse shall play no part in his decision, but his choice shall be based on a deliberate and sincere conclusion that the action will be "to the greater glory of God."[1] Such choice is called an "election," and the habit, carefully fostered, leads to intrinsic freedom in the guise of discipline, one of the primary paradoxes of the spiritual life.

To apply the method to large matters is far easier than to apply it to infinitesimal details, yet it was precisely in the decisions that are apt to escape notice altogether that Pardow applied the principle of election; in his use of time — the almost negligible free moments that were his, — in his care for

[1] The motto of the Company of Jesus is "Ad Majorem Dei Gloriam," often abbreviated to "A.M.D.G."; in English, "To the Greater Glory of God."

the minutiæ of the Rules, in obedience of the intellect, in love of poverty — not in theory only, but in the tangible discomforts which poverty entailed.

A single illustration of his use of time reveals his care in gathering up, as it were, every available moment. Ten minutes of leisure were allowed after breakfast before studies began. These Pardow utilized each day in reading the Bible, and kept up the practice during all his years of training. Indeed, it was in this faculty of persistence, rather than in feats of extraordinary piety, or exaggerations of zeal, that the fire of his spirit showed itself. He stood high in his classes, not through exceptional ability, but because of his systematic work. The same characteristic strain came out in spiritual matters, and the penances which he laid down for himself in the novitiate were practised without interruption to the end of his life.

He took the Rules literally and applied them with a certain rigidity perhaps, but with a determination that nothing could swerve. It was not merely an external conformity at which he aimed, but a full inner conformity of mind and heart. His life was not lived on the surface; and only through the inflexibility of his self-discipline could his companions gauge the energy of will which moved his frail body.

It was a quality which was appreciated at its full value by each one of his superiors, but possibly his classmates were inclined to view it in a less favorable light. There is something about regularity and self-conquest which in itself conveys to

people who are less regulated the impression of coldness, of being "not quite human," as though humanity included only humanity's weaknesses. It would seem impossible, were it not a fact of common experience, that a man should be misjudged for the very reason that he applies logically a principle that all believe in, but that the others grasp superficially. Yet Ignatius himself was thought cold-hearted because of the very fact that he acted by choice and not by impulse; and the same anomaly appears in the lives of many saints, the result of whose years of heroic self-training produced upon their contemporaries the impression that they never had had anything to train.

William Pardow did not escape such criticism. He had been quicker than most of the class to grasp the full ideal of "fraternal charity" in the Company, an ideal which not only discourages personal dislikes among brothers, but also obvious preferences. "If any man were to say: 'This is my friend,' or, 'Such a one loves me,'" wrote one of the first Jesuits, "such worldly language would be regarded as strange, and heard with astonishment." This fear of showing preference for one man over another added to Pardow's instinctive reserve, with the result that his struggle for complete detachment — because it accomplished its purpose — was supposed to have cost him no effort. He was thought cold-hearted by his fellow students, which, while it may have hurt him, did not turn him from his course. "Exclusive friend-

ships are the death of the religious life," he said in later years. Even his friendship with his Canadian room-mate was the result of his superior's choice rather than his own, Father Charaux having appointed the latter Pardow's "guardian angel," which entailed the duty of noticing and criticising his defects, and threw the two into a necessarily close relation at the time.[1]

His rigidity toward himself may have added to an effect of unconscious severity; his expression as a young man was sterner than in later years. Yet his judgment of others was lenient. "In all our conversations since the first day of the novitiate, I never heard him criticise another person," said his *guardian angel.* "Indeed he would make excuses for them, and when he could not excuse the action, he would excuse the motive."

The more demonstrative Canadian students taunted Brother Turgeon with his devotion to the cold-hearted American. "He is not cold," the latter would protest; "you say that because you do not know him." The fact that the same guard was maintained over his affections to the end is illustrated by the testimony of actions as well as words. A few months before Father Pardow's death, when he was rector of St. Ignatius' Church, Father Turgeon passed through New York. The Canadian was unable to repress his joy at the prospect of seeing his old friend, and talked of him

[1] The testimony of Father Turgeon in regard to those crucial years is in line with an earlier judgment of William Pardow's sister. "I do not think he ever committed a single sin deliberately."

constantly to his companion on the journey. Father Pardow received his guests with cheerful hospitality, but there was not a shade of difference in his manner toward the two men. He showed them to their rooms and left them, whereupon the second priest turned with the familiar refrain: "Evidently he has no special affection for you." But the old priest knew better. "I know he has the same affection for me that I have for him," he insisted. "He does not want to show special preferences, but later he will come to my room and talk with me." And Father Turgeon was right.

The two years' study of literature ended in the month of August, 1868. The juniors left Quebec for New York, resuming their lay clothes for the journey, for in Canada they had worn the soutane even in the streets.

In New York, Pardow passed a few days at St. Francis Xavier's College, and saw his father and mother for the first time in four years. Of his brother and sisters, only Julia remained at home. Robert was married[1] and Pauline had become a Religious of the Sacred Heart. William had kept up a regular correspondence with his mother only. His letters to his sisters had been few and business-like, for he considered unnecessary letter-writing

[1] After the death of his wife, Robert also joined the Company of Jesus, his three children being brought up by his sister Julia. He entered the novitiate at Sault-au-Recollect on March 30, 1873, and died, a priest of the Society, indeed almost a martyr, on May 8, 1884, from a disease contracted while Chaplain of the hospital at Blackwell's Island.

a waste of time, both for them and for himself. He never used two words where one would serve the purpose, and if his notes sounded somewhat curt, it was on principle. "Make your letters to me *brief*," he wrote to one of his sisters in religion, and added characteristically: "Imagine you are sending me a telegram at ten cents a word!"

Early in September he entered on his three years' course of philosophy at Fordham College. In the following summer (1869) Woodstock College in Maryland was opened; and Pardow was among the first group of students to be sent there from the various parts of the United States and Canada.[1] At Woodstock he finished his philosophical studies.

As the intellectual training progressed, the characteristic spirit of the Order was taking deeper root. Periodically, the young Jesuit takes, as it were, an account of stock; he examines himself to find out whether there has been any interior progress. Saint Ignatius was too wise to assume that all was going well in the souls he was training, and leave the test of their virtue until the moment when that virtue would be needed in all its fulness. To meet this need he devised the *Account of Conscience*. This occurs no less than once a month during the seventeen years of training. It is not a confession of sins, but a sincere effort to place before the superior all the interior lines of character; to "unfold the soul" with perfect candor.

[1] Until that time the Canadian Mission had been attached to the French Province of Champagne, but was made an independent mission in August, 1869, under the name of "New York-Canada Mission."

The superior, for his part, studies the men under him, to know whether or not they are making progress spiritually; and the Account of Conscience gives him personal insight into the individual soul, enabling him to prescribe effective remedies.

For the same reason "fraternal correction" is encouraged among the students — a custom which is possible only through the realization on the part of all concerned that the Society is a *body*, not a mere union of individuals, and that the health of the whole Society is affected by the condition of each member.

Besides the Account of Conscience, there were annual retreats to keep sound the interior spirit, lest in the preoccupation of study "the worm of tepidity should eat away the interior, and for this reason alone give no exterior sign." There could be no spiritual soundness without spiritual growth. Mere religious existence must be stimulated into religious *life*, and the *Spiritual Exercises* were designed to infuse this fuller life. Sometimes the *Exercises* led up to a solemn renewal of vows; the young Jesuit promised anew to "enter" the Society; each time the *Intrare* took on fresh meaning as he brought to its renewal the increasing fervor of his matured grasp.

His course of philosophy ended, Brother Pardow returned to New York to teach Latin and Greek in the grammar school attached to St. Francis Xavier's College. It was in the autumn of 1871 that he re-entered his old class-rooms as instructor.

"We must be Jesuits everywhere, in the classroom as in the ministry," he wrote a few years later. "The souls of the boys are in our care. If we have neglected our own inner life, they will have received no supernatural influence from us. We shall have been lying witnesses, — dumb apostles!" The phrase will suggest his appreciation of the teacher's task. That his own experience as teacher was cut short at the time was due to his bad health. Constant illness had not prevented his following the full course of Jesuit studies, but the long hours of teaching brought on such acute headaches, that his superior feared a serious breakdown and appointed him assistant prefect of studies, thus lifting from him all actual classwork. He made up for this by devoting the free time which his new work left him, to reading history in the college library, and it is said that he gave as much as seven hours a day to his reading after finishing his regular duties.

"It was he who read aloud during meals," said a contemporary. "I had been accustomed, abroad, to hearing this reading pronounced very slowly and solemnly in a monotone. Pardow read in a natural, conversational voice, and I remember being so amused at the violent contrasts of his intonation, that I could hardly help laughing out loud."

Without warning, the young prefect was called from his work, one afternoon during the spring of 1875, and informed by the provincial, Father Charaux, that he was to sail for France next day,

Hollinger Photo.

THE JESUIT SCHOLASTIC, 1874

there to take his four years' course of theology at Laval. Pardow made his few preparations in silence, and it was not until he was about to leave the house on the following day that he discovered Brother Turgeon was to be his travelling companion. Unharassed by leave takings, the two set out.

In Northwestern France, on either bank of the River Mayenne, lies the ancient town of Laval. The river divides the old town from the new. On one side rises the feudal city with its sombre twelfth-century castle, and around it a cluster of slate roofs with pointed gables peering out from among the massed tree tops that clothe the hill. On the other side of the river lies the new town, symmetrically planned, stretching far into the plain, the seat of a bishopric, the site of a university, a court of justice, a number of crowded schools and prosperous industries. In the year 1875 the town found room also for the scholasticate of the Company of Jesus.

Pardow did not reach Laval in good condition for the hard study that was about to begin. He had alarmed his companion on the journey by a prolonged fainting spell followed by great weakness. His pallor and emaciation were extreme; indeed he "looked more like a corpse than a living being," if we may believe one who saw him at the time.

At Laval he found himself among more than two hundred and fifty students, and so many languages were spoken that a stranger might have thought himself in the Tower of Babel. Pardow himself

had little facility for learning new languages. In spite of the three years spent in Canada his grasp of French had remained the halting one of the Anglo-Saxon, but now he set to work in earnest to master it, talking constantly, and expressing his thoughts with the greatest simplicity, if with ludicrous results.

During the five years he spent in France his notes were a mixture of French and English. All his reading was French; and his fellow students consider that few of the scholastics were as well versed as he in French ascetical literature.

His theological studies were no dry exercise, but seem to have opened out new fields of spiritual perspective. "When I first realized practically the two natures of Jesus Christ, it changed my whole life," said Father Pardow, and this was but one example of many that made him maintain that there is no greater aid to asceticism than a clear grasp of theology.

His French training left a permanent mark on his character which he acknowledged gratefully. It was not only the accuracy and thoroughness of the French mind which impressed him, but the strong characters of the professors with whom he came in contact. He evidently made consistent efforts to make friends among professors and students, and while keeping to his exact observance of the Rules, he did so without any appearance of austerity or ungraciousness; indeed it was his humor and cheerfulness that impressed the international gathering at Laval. His dry wit made him pass

for *un original*, but the discovery of his talent for mimicry brought immediate popularity, and he was forced again and again at college entertainments to sing the songs of the southern plantations which he had learned while at Woodstock. Yet behind his humor there was always a fundamental seriousness, a note of reserve, which left the impression that his gayety was rather an effort to make others enjoy themselves than the natural food of his own thoughts.

During the following year he was ordained to the priesthood. His preparation for the event was to burn with fire every vestige of self-love that might remain; self-love in its most hidden forms, its subtlest disguises.

"A Jesuit may be studying theology and may think he is working for the greater glory of God," he wrote, "but if he still nourishes *self* in his soul, in whatever form, he is merely sharpening his sword while cutting the tendons of the arm that is to wield it!"

Under the heading "Laval, 1876," we find one of his rare lapses into self-revelation: "I resolve to ask myself at each examination [of conscience] (1) Whether I have done anything against my own will, or in a way I did not wish to do it. (2) If I have let any occasion pass of acting against my own natural inclination. This will be my particular examen." After this fashion he redoubled his vigilance.

He was ordained to the priesthood on September 9, 1877, and said his first Mass in one of the chapels

of the Sacred Heart. From that time the Mass became the centre of his spiritual life, and there was no trial of the day so great that it could not be made luminous by the thought that he was to meet Christ at dawn upon the altar.

From the year 1879, we find a number of notes in his fine handwriting, recording thoughts that had impressed him, in language so brief that they are hardly more than disembodied ideas. They show a growing tenderness toward the personal Christ.

"*Introibo ad altare* — enter into the heart of Christ — enter deep."

"*Abba* in Syriac means not simply 'Father,' but an endearing epithet such as little children use."

Already his high ideal of the priestly vocation reveals itself: "*We* have before us the word of God in which we read His will and can become holy. The poor and ignorant must read it in *us*, in every act of ours." In saying Mass, therefore, exterior devotion had a real value as well as the interior; if the former were neglected it would be a serious insult to God. "The real rule is to pronounce every word with all the weight and gravity with which subjects would speak to a King on affairs of life and death."

"June, 1879: Last reunion at Laval." Thus, in his usual terse style, Father Pardow recorded the close of his four years of theological studies.

His Jesuit training was now complete, save for the third year of probation, that year which, in the mind of the founder, was the crowning point of the whole system of Jesuit formation.

Chapter VIII

SCHOOL OF THE HEART

"If you wish to be commonly good, the easiest, indeed the only way, is to be heroically so!" — Coventry Patmore.

A MASTER of practical psychology, Ignatius summed up the training of his Company in a "School of the Heart." In the novitiate, each raw recruit had learned the meaning of obedience, of poverty, and of self-annihilation. Fourteen years of gestation had tested his tenacity of purpose. He was ripe for the *schola affectus*, that ultimate searching of a mature heart.

The tertianship was more than a probe. It was the infusion of a new motive power. Up to a certain point a mere sense of duty might serve the purpose, but beyond that point the Companion of Jesus would never pass unless moved by the power of personal love. This motive alone would hold firm under pressure; it alone would move, not only the Jesuit himself, but through him, the men and women of his day.

To sell all things and follow Christ is but child's play when it concerns the trifles of our worldly currency. But when the selling rises into the currency of the spirit, it is a very different matter.

For a Jesuit to retain for himself no subtle glow of self-satisfaction for those gifts that pass through dedicated hands is to be poor with a higher poverty. Many men have found it easier to face the bracing lash of persecution, to exclaim with Saint Teresa in her prudent self-distrust: "To suffer or to die!" than to protect the spirit from the scorching rays of success. Yet the Jesuit must be prepared for one test as for the other.

Thus a year lay before him to burn his dead things with fire and emerge divinely tempered.

It was in the village of Paray-le-Monial that Father Pardow passed through this final crucible. It was a year of the utmost significance in his own eyes. "No other," he wrote, "ever did so much for my spiritual life." For sixteen years he had vowed to "enter" the Society, and the "intrare" had taken on fresh meaning as experience had brought to light the personal difficulties involved, the personal sacrifices demanded. Now he was entering the Society to the final depth, which meant, in his own words: "To find Christ not only our leader but our personal friend; to live His life, not with the spasmodic vitality of the faint-hearted, but to the full measure of the stature of Christ. Some enter as far as to find Christ in suffering, and remain under the standard when being under it means to bleed. But the final demand is harder: that our only joy be Christ. You cannot make heroes out of men who are merely resigned. To grit our teeth and suffer is still far from the enthusiasm of love. It is this fulness of Christ-life that the Society gives

us if we enter its very soul." In the *schola affectus* he was to penetrate the *intrare* in all its subtlest shades of meaning, and then, gathering up the fractured rays into the white light of love, exclaim with Saint Paul: "*Vivit vero in me Christus:* Christ has entered into *me;* henceforth there is to be *only one life for both of us!*"

A small valley in the *Saone et Loire* which bore the name of *Val d'Or* was the site of the *schola affectus.* On the bank of the River Bourbince nestled the village of Paray-le-Monial among tall poplars, sycamores, and hedges of hawthorne, surrounded by an amphitheatre of thickly-wooded hills. "'*Paredum Moniale'*—belonging to the monks—was the name this little earthly paradise had received from the old Benedictine monastery," wrote Father Pardow. "Before the tenth century, Paray was only a small country parish dedicated to our Lady. It is still so small that we have difficulty in finding it at all on ordinary maps of France."

It is characteristic of the history of the Church that important results are accomplished through insignificant instruments, the little things of the world are used to confound the strong, lest the unwary be led to attribute power to the instrument rather than to the great Artist who plays upon it. Thus, to little Bernadette, a child in the village of Lourdes, came the message that gave rise to a series of events for which the most determined enemies of the miraculous have failed to find a natural explanation. To Jeanne d'Arc, another child and peasant, was given a mission which saved

the national existence of her country. Once more, to a Visitation novice, hardly a woman in years, a message was entrusted in the village of Paray, which, while wholly interior and subjective, was no less epoch-making than that of Jeanne or Bernadette.

Father Pardow was among those who were permanently influenced by that message. "Devotion to the Sacred Heart," he wrote in later years, "makes Christ our living, breathing Friend." This vital realization of Christ's friendship, "as though there were no one else in the world but He and I," came to him at Paray during his tertianship, and touched every thread of the fabric of his life. His own record of the change is characteristically brief: "Devotion to the Sacred Heart acquired here under Père Ginhac. Central idea of the Society. So much of our time taken up with exterior apostolate — devotion to the Sacred Heart supplies interior spirit."

The man who left his impress on Father Pardow's character more, perhaps, than any other, was his tertian-master, Père Paul Ginhac. So deeply, indeed, were his principles etched into the soul of his pupil that in 1903 the latter wrote: "Twenty-three years of very active life have failed to efface his teachings from my memory and my heart."

Père Ginhac was a man of force and simplicity who had devoted his life to the task of forming the young men of the Order. He was always respected by them, frequently loved, and occasionally misunderstood. "At first he did not temper with

necessary compromises the strong impetus he gave toward perfection"; and this, combined with the austerity of his appearance, handicapped him in dealing with beginners. A novice admitted that "from the first, the sanctity of Père Ginhac, . . . the stiffness of his attitude, his extreme thinness, the correctness of every detail of his actions . . . caused an impression of discouragement in my soul, even a sort of irritation." In later life Père Ginhac overcame this tendency, and grew so gentle, indeed, and outgiving, that those who met him for the first time, having heard of his severity, were astonished at his tender face, his frank smile, and his innocent, childlike expression. He had what Saint Francis of Sales calls "l'extase d'abnégation," and his fasts and self-inflicted punishments produced at times such physical exhaustion as to handicap him in his work. In this folly of the Cross, more in line, perhaps, with the ideals of a penitential Order than of one devoted to the active demands of the Jesuit career, his pupil did not follow him. Father Pardow's penances were of a different nature and, throughout his life, were made subservient, in the true Ignatian sense, to the greatest possible efficiency in his special line of work. They were used where they helped, and inasmuch as they helped.

In other respects he absorbed his teacher's point of view. He was not the type of man for whom the spiritual struggle had to be mitigated, but was ready for the full impulse of the tertian-master's concentrated teaching. Père Ginhac's constant

effort was to teach his tertians to meditate and give them a taste for prayer; to make them realize the spirit, rather than the mere letter of the Constitution; to spur them to intellectual activity in contrast to an attitude of passive acceptance. "Ah, mes Pères, *activez-vous!*" he used to urge, a phrase which Father Pardow liked to quote to his own retreatants. In instructing the class, Père Ginhac's talks were not elaborate theses, but simple, sincere, and telling — "*comme une flamme dont l'ardeur se faisait sentir toute la matinée.*"

"What impressed me most about him," wrote Father Pardow many years later, "was his intimate knowledge of the *Exercises* and the happy use he put them to. He kept delving deeper and deeper into their meaning, and always drawing out new treasures. . . . He insisted especially (and this is what made the deepest impression on me) on the '*Mecum laborare.*' 'There are always two at work,' he used to say; '*We two* will study; *we two* will preach; *we two* suffer; *we two* are tempted; *we two* are ill. *Væ soli* — woe to him who is alone! But it will not be hard for a generous soul to work, make sacrifices, or climb the Mount of Calvary with his King!"

In the Great Retreat, Father Pardow's own notes show the pace he was setting himself. His record is no poetic flight of fancy, but sober and practical to the last degree. His goal, however, was nothing short of perfection as priest and Jesuit. Christ was not to be served in a small spirit, his call answered half-heartedly. The essential thing was to

make the gift complete. "We will never be free," he wrote, "until we have given *all* self to God." Christ had begun by "emptying Himself of all self-seeking"; there was "no other way to follow Him."

This radical elimination of self was but the foundation; the superstructure he placed upon it was that close imitation of Christ which not only accepts his exterior ideals and manner of living, but with it, His inner motives, His sense of values. It is not enough to be ready to accept sorrow, poverty, or illness; misunderstanding, injustice, and contempt when they come unsought. The Divine Model *chose* to be poor, to be under obedience to human parents; chose to be subject to human suffering, physical and mental; chose to be despised as a charlatan, falsely accused and put to death for crimes He had never committed. Because Christ had chosen those things, the Companion of Jesus must choose them, deliberately seeking them when he might have avoided them, so as to resemble closely the Divine Model. Saint Ignatius calls that disposition the *Third Degree of Humility.* To this point Father Pardow sought to attune his spirit during the Great Retreat. He determined to judge himself henceforth by the Third Degree of Humility, to apply its test to each action in detail; and he summed up the thirty days' retreat with the fixed resolution "to become a man of the Third Degree."[1]

[1] *The Three Degrees of Humility* from the original Spanish text of the Exercises of Saint Ignatius:

"La primera manera de humildad es necesaria para, la salud eterna; es a saber, que asi me baxe y asi me humilde quanto en mi sea posible

In addition he made detailed regulations for himself, so many, that, when written out, they filled a sheet of foolscap paper. He took his paper to Father Ginhac for suggestions, but the latter "pointed to one tiny corner and told me to keep to that and tear up the rest." It was the special examination of conscience. Like all experienced directors, he knew the danger of diverting energy into too many channels.

Instead of the pilgrimage, the tertian fathers were sent on missions to country parishes. Father Pardow joined the mission band of the English Province, but to his great disappointment, no preaching fell to his lot. His work was to hear confessions, visit the people in the surrounding country, collect the lost sheep and bring them back to "make the mission." After about a month of this work, he returned to Paray to finish his third year.

para que en todo obedezca a la ley de Dios Nuestro Señor, de tal suerte que, aunque me hiziesen señor de todas las cosas criadas en este mundo, ni por la propria vida temporal no sea en deliberar de quebrantar un mandamiento, quier divino, quier humano, que me obligue a pecado mortal.

"La segunda es mas perfecta humildad que la primera, es a saber, se yo me hallo en tal puncto que no quiero ni me afecto mas a tener riqueza que pobreza; a querer honor, que deshonor; a desear vida larga, que corta, siendo igual servicio de Dios Nuestro Señor, y salud de mi ánima: y con este, que por todo lo criado, ni porque la vida me quitasea, no sea en deliberar de hazer un pecado venial.

"La tercera es humildad perfectisima; es a saber, quando incluyendo la primera, y segunda, siendo igual alabanza y gloria de la Divina Magestad, por imitar y parecer mas actualmente a Christo Nuestro Señor, quiero y elijo mas pobreza con Christo pobre, que riqueza; oprobios con Christo lleno dellos, que honores; y desear mas ser estimado por vano, y loco por Christo, que primero fue tenido por tal, que por sabio, ni prudente en este mundo."

In June he made his final retreat. His record sounds the same note as before, but with increased emphasis. "The question is not: Have I overcome self?" he wrote, "but, *Have I ever failed to overcome self?*" And again: "Wherever there is disorder, there is waste of faculties, time, and graces." Each act, henceforth, was to be done "for God only, not caring for the judgment of men." He determined to take all possible means of finding out God's will; to pray, fast, and consult others — but *that when God's will was once found*, nothing should move him from it. Again he urged himself, to greater confidence in the Divine Physician. "Diffidence," he wrote, "comes from great pride. I must be convinced of this." The spur to action was always "the *real, actual* calling of our Savior to me *personally;*" the thought that "I am chosen by him personally for the same mission as His own."

Thus girded he emerged, ready for battle. It was none too soon, for his year of probation was about to come to a dramatic climax.

In the year 1879 the agnostic and Masonic influences, with the various other political factions opposed to the Church, had effected a union among themselves which controlled the policies of the French government. Even in the remote village of Paray-le-Monial, the local lodges had made a series of petty persecutions against the Jesuit house, and interrupted the even tenor of the winter's work thereby. Among these, was the arrest of Father Ginhac for "keeping an inn without paying the proper tax"; the patrons of the "inn"

being the retreatants,—priests and laymen,—who were lodged and fed in the house during the days of their retreat. In such attacks, Father Ginhac saw only a fresh proof of God's love for the Society in "seeking to detach us from all things."

But trouble of a more serious nature was in store, attacking the fundamental question of educational liberty. In March, 1879, a measure had passed the House of Delegates forbidding religious orders to take part in free public instruction, unless specially authorized by the Government, but the bill was defeated in the Senate. In March, 1880, a more radical piece of special class legislation was passed by both Houses of the Legislature, which required religious orders to fill a number of arbitrary conditions, compliance with which would obtain authorization to teach at the discretion of the Government; failing to obtain it, they were to be dissolved. The Company of Jesus, however, was dealt with as a class apart. It was not allowed the questionable privilege granted the other Orders, for, as the bill stated, to do so would be "*ni convenable, ni digne*"; no civilized Government of today could give the Society "said to be of Jesus," the benefit of official recognition. Consequently, within three months the Company was to evacuate its buildings, which, incidentally, were to become the property of the Government.

The decree was read aloud to the tertian fathers by their instructor. Here was an opportunity to apply literally the principles of their special vocation, to practise that spiritual indifference which

is quite distinct from insensibility or apathy, but which lies in the will. "Make selves worthy of being persecuted," wrote Father Pardow, quoting his instructor, under date of April 16, 1880. "We have but a single fear, which is that we may not be found worthy personally to suffer something for the name of Jesus."

His fear was unfounded. Hardly had the last retreat ended than the professors and students at Paray were notified officially to leave France and turn over the building to the Government. This was followed, on the 29th of June, by the appearance of a detachment of gendarmes who had come forcibly to eject the members of the community from their property.

The house was surrounded during the night as though for an attack. The news spread through the little town, and as early as four in the morning a great number of friends rushed silently to the rescue, ready to take any stand that the Fathers might direct. The form of resistance which Père Ginhac had determined to make was of merely legal significance. He considered it a duty to refuse to yield up the property of the Society except under physical compulsion. In this technical resistance he needed no help from outsiders; nevertheles the group of friends remained to watch events.

At seven o'clock there appeared a line of bayonets above the wall of the enclosure. The door of the courtyard stood open; the chief-of-police of Paray entered and rang the bell. The door was not opened. Instead, from the window, one of

the Fathers announced that, being on their own property, nothing short of force would persuade them to abandon it.

The local chief departed, only to return reinforced by a band of workmen armed with pickaxes. They battered down the partition between the court and the garden, demolished a side door, — and found themselves in the presence of sixty men — priests and laymen — who stood silently awaiting their entrance.

The officer asked for the superior of the house. He was directed to the chapel. Before the altar knelt the superior, the professors and the tertian fathers; it was there they had chosen to be arrested.

Father Ginhac rose gravely from his knees. His austere countenance remained calm, almost joyous, as he listened to the official notification of expulsion. His answer was an energetic protest against the confiscation of private property. When he had finished, a group of gendarmes seized him and cast him out of the building by main force. The rest of the community were treated in like manner. One of the Jesuit professors wore on his breast the decoration of the Legion of Honor, but the red ribbon was no safeguard to his rights of citizenship; with the rest of the undesirable citizens he was exiled from his native land.

As the procession passed through the streets, the assembled villagers fell upon their knees, weeping, unable to grasp the misfortune that had fallen upon them so suddenly. Father Ginhac blessed

the kneeling people, a calm smile on his face. To the companion by his side he kept repeating: "What a great day, Father, what a great day!"

It was the climax of Father Pardow's training *in schola affectus.* "I had the honor," he explained, "to be put out of France because I was a Jesuit."

BOOK II

CHRIST'S LAWYER

"Go, set the whole world on fire and in flames."

SAINT IGNATIUS, to one whom he sent on a distant mission.

Chapter I

IN THE PULPIT

IN New York the Cathedral of St. Patrick was crowded. Father Pardow was to preach. The people were pressed tightly into pews, camp-chairs lined the aisles, a throng of people stood between the seats in defiance of city ordinances. Even the sanctuary steps were packed with human forms.

After the reading of the Gospel a door opened from the sacristy, and three figures appeared, and walked, in single file, to the front of the High Altar, where they stopped and knelt stiffly, shoulder to shoulder, like three figures cut from the canvas of a Primitive painter. The boys on either side were acolytes; the figure between them was so slight that it might have passed for that of another boy. The prayer said, he arose to his full height, a bare five feet six, and walked toward the pulpit with a measured but vigorous tread, full of nervous energy under rigid control. The crowd was so thick he could hardly make his way to the pulpit, and the acolytes went ahead to clear a passage. He stood in the pulpit and pulled out the list of notices to be read for the day. He could be seen clearly outlined against the sounding board: slight,

angular, hardly more than a cassock hanging over bones, with a striking head, carried stiffly, and modelled on the ascetic lines of a Fra Angelico saint, triangular in shape. The thinness was no longer that of a delicate person so much as the wiry look of a race horse in training, without a spare ounce of flesh to cover the high-strung nerves and taut muscles. Having found the list of notices, he drew himself up, and then that tiny frame sent forth a sound so mighty, that one had to look a second time to see whence it could issue. Yes, that strong, deep, resonant voice, which filled every corner of the huge building, was indeed his. The startling impression lasted but a moment; the sermon began, and the person was forgotten. Only the ideas stood out, tersely put, original, powerful, and never trite. There was no apparent effort at eloquence in the ordinary sense, yet eloquent he was. Striking thoughts were made vivid by familiar illustrations. No attempt was made to arouse feeling; on the contrary, there seemed an almost scrupulous avoidance of anything that would work on the emotions; yet the audience was deeply moved, held spellbound during thirty-five minutes; some shed tears, because the great thoughts had become real to them, and feeling followed realization. It was so earnest an effort to make people understand — to *convince*, by example, by analogy, by humour, by sarcasm, and by a sort of actor's power of visualizing and reproducing the scene he was describing, that each hearer lived it with him. He was talking it out

with the people before him: "Ah, if you could only stop me and ask me questions," he said once, "that would be the ideal."

Thirty-five minutes, and it was over. The time had seemed neither long nor short; it had simply ceased to exist. As he left the pulpit there was no sound, no rustle of sudden stirring after an enforced quiet. The vast audience sat silent and motionless; like the hush that falls when a great wind has died down.

Chapter II

PREACHER AND CRITICS

> "Perhaps, O Lord, it is better for me not to be carried 'on eagles' wings'! I might fancy that the wings were mine. So, if it be Thy holy will, put me on my feet. Very probably I shall stumble and even fall; but if Thy divine arms are near me, they will bear me up."
>
> — Father Pardow.

IN his active life as a Jesuit it is as a preacher that Father Pardow will best be remembered by his generation. Not only did his words reach immense numbers of people from the Atlantic to the Pacific coast, but they left a permanent impression upon those who heard them. He had the faculty of moving crowds, not by the play of superficial rhetoric, but by the power of the thought itself, — the plain truth exposed with the mind of a lawyer and the fire of an apostle; with a burning intellectual sincerity and a palpable sanctity — the flavor of an intense inner life — which made his mere appearance a sermon in itself.

As a public speaker, he was ever "a sign to be contradicted"; yet even those who were least in sympathy with his methods were forced to admit that his sermons brought results which could

clearly be gauged in the confessional, — that supreme test of the reality of eloquence.

The framework of his active life may be outlined with a stroke of the pen. It has but slight significance. The scene of his early experience and early mistakes was the Church of St. Francis Xavier, where he was appointed on his return from Europe. In 1884 he was made socius, or secretary to the provincial; in 1888, instructor of tertians at Frederick, Maryland; in 1891, rector of St. Francis Xavier's College in New York City; in 1893 he was appointed provincial of the Maryland-New York Province and held the position until 1897, when he was attached to Gonzaga College in Washington as professor of philosophy and preacher in the church, going from there to St. Ignatius' Church in New York. In 1903 he was once more appointed instructor of the tertians, this time at St. Andrew-on-Hudson near Poughkeepsie. In July, 1906, he was elected delegate from the province to the general congregation at Rome, which met to elect a new General for the Company of Jesus. While in Rome, he fell ill, but recovered sufficiently to take his place in the congress. Upon his return to the United States a few months later, he was attached to the Church of the Gesù in Philadelphia; in the autumn of 1907, was made rector of the Church of St. Ignatius in New York City, where — a little over a year later — he died.

This mere record of events might be that of the life of any distinguished Jesuit. The contrast of

exterior dignities with subsequent demotion to the ranks is typical of the Company. What makes the life of one Jesuit differ from that of another is largely a matter of the varying intensity of his inner life and the power with which he applies the principles of the *Exercises* to external situations. Father Pardow was notable not only in this way, but also because of the immense number of individuals whose lives he affected personally and intimately. He knew the human heart and the motives that would affect it. "You may have read books," he remarked to one of his wise critics, "but I have read fifty thousand souls."

Those who have only heard the eager and fiery eloquence of Father Pardow's later years might well suppose him to have been a man with a natural talent for preaching; that the secret of moving men's souls had been his to some extent from the beginning. Yet this was not the case. His early efforts at preaching were below, rather than above the average, and the young Jesuit struggled for many years before he attained that security of touch, that knowledge of human nature, that combined vividness and austerity of style, that carrying power of voice and clearness of diction, produced without apparent effort, which combined to make his preaching what it was. Yet not one of these things was his by nature; not one was his when he emerged from his seventeen years of training. He won them for himself; laboriously, at the price of incredible pains.

When he returned to New York in the summer of 1880, and taught rhetoric in the College of St. Francis Xavier, taking his turn at preaching in the church or talking informally to sodalities of young men, few of his colleagues discerned in this quiet, rather delicate young priest, the latent power that was to make him one of the most eloquent and moving preachers in the Order. None of the exterior trappings of a public speaker were his. He was small, frail in appearance, and saved from insignificance only by his exceeding earnestness and energy. His gestures, he was assured by his zealous colleagues, were awkward; his voice shrill in the high tones and monotonous and dreary in the lower ones; he was amateurish in manner, did not know what to do with his hands and feet, was old fashioned in the construction of his sentences, and his words sounded as though he had learned someone else's sermon by heart. If half these criticisms were just, it is evident that a man could hardly start out with greater handicaps for the career of public speaker.

Yet, Father Pardow was firmly convinced that his vocation was to preach, and nothing could shake his conviction. He was determined to succeed, and set about equipping himself with characteristic energy. No detail of voice or manner was too trivial for his attention, and, unlike many seekers after success, he was entirely single-minded in his quest and free from a crippling undercurrent of personal vanity. For if his seventeen years of training had failed to teach him the secret of elo-

quence, it had given him what was of infinitely greater value: a mind trained to intelligent self-criticism, and a heart practised in solid humility which could welcome and even seek out the criticism of other people, weighing it in regard to himself as fairly as though the question had concerned a third person.

Not that the criticisms did not pain him; he was deeply hurt by some of them, but the mortification did not blind him to the truth that the words might contain, nor prevent him from drawing out and welcoming a fresh supply after the next sermon. That he might not forget them and the resolutions he had taken as a result, Father Pardow wrote them all down under the notes for the sermon which had evoked them.

The daily routine provided admirable opportunities for drawing out those criticisms of his colleagues which he found so illuminating. He collected them as carefully as another man might have collected compliments; the opinion of an altar boy was set down beside that of the provincial; each was of use in its way. His colleagues, on their part, showed almost an excess of zeal, as they hastened to tell him that he was stiff and cold, lacked all warmth and sincerity, and had no real contact with the people.

At the end of a few months he came to an important conclusion which revolutionized his method of preaching. As was natural, he had emerged from his French training having absorbed the method then popular in France, with its strict divisions and

sub-divisions of subject, not to be violated though the heavens fall; with its thesis to be maintained to the final detail of logic although no mind in the audience might be capable of following through the ordered maze. The remark of one of Father Pardow's critics at this time influenced him considerably; it was to the effect that, as it is impossible to be exhaustive in a sermon of twenty-five minutes, it is better to make use of a number of striking, clearly defined paragraphs. This was precisely where his own experience was tending, nor did he ever retract this early decision. Toward the end of his life he wrote: "A sermon that follows a very closely connected line of argument requires close attention and will not really reach as many as a sermon that suggests a number of thoughts in a bold, striking way. We make the great mistake of considering our audiences as homogeneous, like a class of theology. They are by no means so."

But he branched out in a still more radical fashion. He had followed, during the first few months, the time-honored custom of writing out his sermons, learning them by heart, and administering them to his hearers like a huge, if unpalatable, pill. He began to suspect that this ancient and honorable practice was the cause of that lack of spontaneity and real contact with the people to which his friends testified so eloquently. So he cast the old method aside and branched out along lines of his own. He gave up the memorized sermon once for all. At first he appeared in the

pulpit with a few notes to fall back upon in case of need, but soon even these were discarded. He gave as much time, even more, to preparing the "extemporaneous" sermons, but the time was spent, as he said, on different faculties. He studied his subject until his mind was so saturated with it that the sermon became, in a sense, the overflow. Just before entering the pulpit he wrote out a short synopsis of ideas and then delivered the sermon.

His hearers soon noticed the change. They began to speak of his "*genre*," they praised his more direct contact with the people, and his power to move others because of being himself so "earnest and real." Yet, the advance was not steady, and often success in one direction went hand in hand with failure in another. His very eagerness in applying the many suggestions of his critics increased his tendency toward a hampering self-consciousness, and prevented his forgetting himself in his subject. His own notes give a vivid insight into his struggles. The early criticisms would have been enough to crush another man, yet nothing could shake Father Pardow's inner certainty that his vocation was to preach and that he was now working along the right lines. He continued to collect both praise and blame with scrupulous care, writing down such minute details as that he turned his head too much this way or too much that, that his voice was husky and disagreeable, hard and cold. "I notice, myself," he wrote, "that I mistake loud, animated tones for warm, mellow ones." He appears to have received very

little flattery, unless one may so designate the obvious effect of his words on souls; and in the autumn, when he was chosen to preach the final sermon in the old church of St. Francis Xavier, all his friends assured him that it was "flat — very flat!"

By the following year (1882), he had acquired confidence in his own method, a confidence which was shared by his superiors, for he was chosen to preach the series of dogmatic conferences at the Church of St. Francis Xavier on the Sunday evenings of Lent. This series was considered of great importance and was always assigned to distinguished men in the Order. The subject was a peculiarly sympathetic one to Father Pardow; it was a study of Christ: *Christ in the Prophecies; Christ in the Fulness of Time; The Two Natures of Christ; The Divine Adoption*, and *The Eternal Priesthood of Christ.*

The voluminous notes made by him in preparing this series, testify to his persistent effort to get away from the abstract, and make his talks concrete and personal. He used the word "conference" rather than "sermon" or "lecture," he explained, to bring out the fact that they were to be the work of *two*, that "we are to confer together, you and I." His mind was focussed on making his hearers realize a few points practically rather than skim over the surface of many. His ideas were more striking and forceful, the phrases less involved, but crisp and definite, with suggestions of the paradoxical turn of his later work.

He was still far from the terse vigor and luminous simplicity of his finished style; he had not yet grasped the art of elimination which became one of the secrets of his force; he expected too much reflection on the part of his hearers and confused them with ideas which negatived each other by their very number; but his faults had become those of a man who knows what he wants to do but has not yet succeeded in carrying out his ideas in a manner satisfactory to himself.

The criticisms recorded of this series of sermons sound a new note. One person "would have preferred something more didactic and orderly (i.e., a thesis of Franzelin or Bellarmine, proved, even if above the people!). . . . For the people we must be clear and even *repeat.*"

The young priest's manner was described as one of "earnest affirmation rather than feeling." He suffered from his faults of manner and of voice. "I was too violent in gesture," he wrote after the first conference; "the effort of shouting was almost frantic." And after the second: "My voice was loud, harsh and husky, with few inflections, and monotonous because in so high a key." Nor did his superior encourage him: his preaching was monotonous, he was told; the emphasis did not fully follow the thought; he gave the same measured value to each syllable, and should have been more conversational. Moreover, the provincial was surprised that a number of persons had found the sermons too full of fire; for his own part, he thought there had not been fire enough. Father

Pardow wrote down his own impressions: "At times I felt I was *really speaking* to the people, — but soon fell into the declamatory manner again. . . . My voice is against me; the small words are not heard; my animation generally gives out before the end, through fatigue."

In spite of his rigid self-criticism, or perhaps because of it, the conferences were a success. The people declared that they liked those "solid sermons from which you can take something away." Even his severe critics were forced to admit that the material seemed to be his own and was very interesting. The extent of Father Pardow's success may be gauged by the fact that he was immediately invited to preach at the cathedral at High Mass, on Easter Sunday, an honor always reserved to one of the popular "pulpit orators" of the day.

Yet neither then nor later did Father Pardow purchase popularity with flattery. It was by no means the usual Easter message that thundered forth from that pulpit on Easter Day. From the moment the spare little man with his boyish awkwardness appeared, and, in the presence of a cardinal, an archbishop and an immense audience, let out his voice into the vast spaces of St. Patrick's Cathedral, his words sounded a note of compelling sincerity. They probed beneath the surface joy of Easter, deeper than the Easter lights and the Easter flowers, and called for an analysis of each one's joy; "for," he said, "it is not the mere joy, but the motive of that joy, which makes the Church's Easter." Many in that audience might

well belong "rather at the foot of Calvary than at Jerusalem on the morning of the Resurrection."

If Father Pardow's Easter sermon was not "pulpit oratory" it was something infinitely more real, which stirred the heart and awakened the conscience of his hearers. "Did they show you demons and monsters?" was asked of some of the hardy men who had followed the *Spiritual Exercises* in the days of the early Jesuits. "Worse than that," was the answer, "they made me see myself!"

Chapter III

EARLY EFFORTS

> "It shows great power of character when we are willing to see the truth, however unpleasant." — Father Pardow.

A GOOD deal of study and a great many attempts are necessary to make an eloquent, or even a possible preacher. Many young men break down in the way because, when once 'brought out,' they give up reading and meditation, and are then used up in a few years. This is owing to the difficulty of sharing one's life between two things so different as the activity of the pulpit and the laborious repose of the cell. Activity nearly always gets the upper hand, and very quickly exhausts itself. Speak little; give much time to preparation; read the Sacred Scriptures over and over again, — do it incessantly. Work is the key to eloquence, as it is to virtue. No amount of talent will suffice unbacked by work."

These words of Lacordaire's were among Father Pardow's "Important Notes on Preaching." They might have been a summing up of his own policy. His career was a striking example of painstaking work, and his growing reputation did not make him relax in his effort to overcome his natural defects. "A priest who is going to preach even a

five minutes' sermon, is a lawyer going to plead the cause of our Lord and Saviour," he used to say. "It may be a case of *life and death*. . . . To have reached *one soul* is enough reward." And his deduction was always: "*Study for sermons;* — 'Carefully study to present thyself approved unto God, a workman that needeth not to be ashamed, rightly handling the word of truth.'" His notes in preparing sermons are mere jottings with none of the trappings of composition, but they reveal clearly his method of preparation. He wrote out, at first in some detail, gradually in short, suggestive phrases, the material he had gathered that would be useful for the subject on which he was to preach; the result of reading and study, thoughts of his own, even newspaper clippings. Under the same heading he filed away ideas that, as the years passed, he wished to add to the earlier ones; illustrations, fresh and modern, to make the old truths vivid. After each sermon he wrote the criticisms it had evoked, with the thoughts that had made a favorable impression on his hearers. Then came his own practical deductions, and little phrases urging himself to fresh efforts to overcome his usual faults. All were written in his fine handwriting on loose sheets of paper of uniform size held together by cardboard covers. Sheets could be added to any subject without disturbing the others, an essential to Father Pardow, who was never satisfied to rest on past achievement, however successful. The system was carefully indexed for ready reference, and was perfectly suited to

his purpose, as it took up so little space and enabled him to carry on journeys only those papers which were pertinent to the subject on which he was to speak. The volumes grew thick and numerous as the years passed, but, from the year 1882 until the year of his death, the method never changed.

During the winter of 1883 he was chosen again to preach the Lenten conferences at St. Francis Xavier's Church. This series marked the beginning of what might be called Father Pardow's controversial sermons. Their titles were almost sensational: *The Cruelty of Tolerance; Tolerance and the Bible; Intolerant Truth; The Intolerance of Christ; The Intolerant Church.* He had chosen these paradoxical titles with the deliberate purpose of startling his hearers into examining more closely the fallacies which an attractive word may cover. There was about Father Pardow an almost fierce sense of justice and of loyalty which reminds one of the violence of our Lord — scourge in hand — vindicating the honor of the Father's house. Tolerance, an admirable quality where taste is concerned, became mere cowardice and treachery where the question was one of tolerating ideas opposed to the teachings of Christ. "Christ was silent before Herod," he said, "when there was a question of delivering him to Pilate; he was silent when scourged and crowned with thorns; but when it was a question of doctrine — of what he had heard from the Father — then He *answered.* That was loyalty to the Father." Loyalty was the keynote of those sermons, and indeed of all Father Pardow's

rigidity in controversy. The poetry of the earlier sermons was deliberately abandoned. He was a lawyer pleading the cause of Christ; his weapon was irresistible logic. "I do not wish anyone to accept what I say unless I prove what I affirm!" he began, in bold defiance. "I ask you to search the Sacred Scriptures and see whether the things I say are true. If you find that they are true, but say that my conclusions are wrong, then I ask you to show me the flaw in my reasoning, and I shall be the first to retract!" Thus he flung down the gauntlet. It was on reason alone that he was willing to build; it was on reason alone that he was willing to be attacked.

Father Pardow's controversial sermons are those for which he will chiefly be remembered by newspaper readers and by a certain class of his hearers. They were by no means his best sermons, but they were perhaps the most quotable. They were undoubtedly those which aroused the most bitter antagonism. Many, even among his admirers, felt that here he made a serious mistake in tactics. His own direct mind, coupled with the habit of logical deduction which was the fruit of his long years of training, made it hard for him to conceive of a mind which could turn away from an obvious deduction if the facts were once presented clearly, — which could turn away and still remain sincere. Moreover, his own humility, detachment, and intellectual sincerity were so great, that he did not allow, in his earlier years, for the effect a true statement might have upon a person if put in a way that could

wound his vanity. With the sweeping judgment of youth, Father Pardow judged others by himself and applied a standard which was at times too drastic. Yet even in his sternest moments, it was never the individual he condemned, it was the principle. Once in contact with a person, however illogical, there was no one more kind and patient than Father Pardow, as his many converts will testify. But in the pulpit, defending the cause of Christ, he was uncompromising. He would not minimize, but used the words that expressed his meaning in the most forcible and direct language he could think of. The language was often severe, more so, perhaps, than he might have chosen in cold blood, but these faults, in so far as they were faults, were those of youth. They were the faults, moreover, of one who thought that the special sin of the day was lack of intellectual courage where courage meant loyalty, and a tendency toward weak-kneed compromise where compromise involved acceding to unsound principles. Later in life he learned to express his thought with the same force, yet without engendering the same bitterness in his hearers, but this did not come until after many years of experience and many a hard lesson. Meanwhile, among a number of Catholics as well as Protestants, Father Pardow acquired the reputation of severity.

Even in those early days, he had the faculty of stirring his audience to an extraordinary degree: "I never loved my faith so much as after that sermon," exclaimed one of his hearers, typical,

perhaps, of the majority; but whether he stirred them to enthusiasm or to anger, depended on the spot where the spark fell. The church was crowded throughout the course; many people were turned away for lack of room; a number of non-Catholics attended, many of whom subsequently entered the Church, notwithstanding the severity of Father Pardow's words.

The opinions of his critics were recorded with his usual care. He was "too severe, too denunciatory." His manner was "very clear and earnest, but with at times an *excess* of earnestness which seemed like severity and anger." His voice, which he "shivered for emphasis," was always too loud. "You make far too much effort," said the provincial; "Make none at all; your voice is much more powerful than you imagine." He was cautioned to use still shorter phrases, to pause long enough to let the thoughts sink in. His gestures were still "very jerky, ungraceful and angular."

It would be hard for a man to stagnate who took such pains to understand and face his weak points. What is perhaps more strange is that he should not have lost some of his own individuality or become confused by criticisms which were often contradictory. That he grew steadily in originality as time went on showed an unusual strength and vigor of inspiration. He was not like wax, to be moulded to this form and that by every comer, but like a block of granite to be chiseled, slowly and laboriously — a stroke here, another there — until the final form was perfected.

Chapter IV

THE SECRET OF ELOQUENCE

FATHER PARDOW'S preaching was interrupted to a certain extent from the year 1884 to 1891, at least as far as the general public was concerned. He was appointed socius, or secretary to the provincial; after four years in this office, was made acting rector of Woodstock College, and then instructor of the tertian fathers at Frederick, Maryland. During those seven years his sermons were confined for the most part to members of his own Order, although he spent a good deal of time, especially while socius, in preparing material for future sermons. Those years were rich in experience and personal unfolding, and when he returned to New York in 1891 as rector of St. Francis Xavier's Church, he took up public speaking again with an added facility for expressing his thoughts, a more mature perspective, and a deeper insight into character, all of which could clearly be felt in his sermons. To the latter quality may be attributed the immense measure of his success and his growth, both in reputation and power, between the years 1885 and 1895. His direct methods had stirred his audiences from the first, in spite of the fact that his understanding of the people to

whom he spoke was more or less a theoretic one, a reflex knowledge of their point of view gained from reading books. When it became an experimental knowledge, born of direct contact, his preaching became irresistible.

Though less in command of his own time while rector, he never refused an invitation to preach. His voice had not ceased to give him trouble, in spite of the pains he had taken with it. He either shrieked, or failed to make himself heard; the mere strain was evident to his hearers and distracted their attention from the thoughts he was trying to drive home. Some years earlier it had been suggested to him that his voice lacked resonance, and that it could be made to carry by proper placing, whereupon he arranged with a prominent teacher of singing to train his voice, and worked faithfully at his vocal calisthenics in the face of a good deal of sarcastic comment. Gradually, instead of his own strident tones a voice of amazing power and resonance began to develop, but in the interval it was the subject of a multitude of detailed notes.

"My defects in the pulpit," were set forth in the year 1892 as follows:

"1. Low notes instead of high.

"2. Remember; *slow!*

"3. Open mouth, no matter what the consequences!"

As usual his theories were applied too literally, and he wrote soon after:

"Raised voice and *shouted!* My voice is very monotonous, as if in effort to be heard, whereas no

effort is necessary." But for a long time he kept on straining it, and to one of his critics he explained the tendency as being due to "the fear lest I should not be heard by *one or two*."

The comments of his hearers were still carefully collected:

"There were no oratorical pauses," observed one of these; "I suppose you were in a hurry?" To which Father Pardow's answer was: "I had never dreamed of pauses!" Another urged him to stop and raise his voice when the words made a climax. "You should punctuate your sermons," added another critic, "keep up the torrent, but accentuate." "I feel this is true," wrote Father Pardow, "I have a sort of superstitious dread of pausing, thinking it looks as if I were hesitating."

"My gestures evidently prevent my voice from carrying," he wrote after another sermon. "I put my arm in front of my mouth, or at the side, and it must prevent some waves from travelling."

He often stationed friends at the back of the church to tell him whether he could be heard distinctly from all points. "I was not heard at the last pew on the Epistle side, except when I spoke low and clearly," was his comment after a sermon at the cathedral; and after another, "'Your voice was magnificent as long as you stood stiff, but the minute you moved, you were not heard.' How hard it is for me to be convinced of this," he wrote.

Countless notes testify to the trouble he took about clear enunciation. "I can never enunciate

too clearly," he wrote. "In my sermon I said: 'Christ must show his *credentials*'; a scholastic heard '*pretensions*,' and had to ask what it meant. . . . A newspaper reporter quoted me as saying: 'One *lovely* act of faith,' instead of '*lively* act of faith,' and '*judgment sense*,' instead of '*judgment scene*.' Will I never learn the lesson of exact articulation of every word? Must count on *infinite* obtuseness in hearers, — even in Boston!"

Again and again he takes himself severely to task for the same fault: "A clever stenographer took down my sermon. I said '*verifiable dogmas*'; she, '*very reliable dogmas!*' I, '*chained bible*'; she, '*chain-bible*,' as a chain-gang! . . . Another day I said '*telegraphy*,' and was understood '*telepathy*' by an intelligent person. It was the same in Canada. I said '*credentials of Rome*'; the reporter, '*pretensions of Rome*.' I said '*lake dwellers*'; she, '*lay brothers*' — not as a slip, but two or three times by a first-class reporter. She never heard my *S*. I said '*bibles*'; she, '*bible*'! When, toward the end, I went fast — though I never think I do — she got *only nonsense*. Once more, I cannot be articulate enough."

He began to exaggerate: "You accented unimportant words such as 'in-ne,'" he was told, "this is horrid."

"I go too fast," he confided to his note-book. "Strange that I cannot be convinced that I rush as a steam engine. I am surprised at the scholastics for reading so fast, and wonder why they won't go slowly; I remember Father X —, and how in

the very parts that would do most good, all was absolutely lost, . . . he might as well have said nothing. . . . Yet, when I get excited, I rush, rush. . . . *Must* stop."

All this time he was preaching to audiences whose size and enthusiasm would have served to feed another man's vanity. "Very fine audience; seats in aisles," would be the extent of his comment. He had a singular faculty of arousing enthusiasm: "I wanted to stand up and cheer," he was told; "It is the sort of preaching that made the first martyrs hear the cry '*ad leones*' without a tremor." Appreciation of this nature came to him after each sermon, but his own comment was simply: "I am more and more surprised at the effect of the sermons; they seem so commonplace to me. . . . I was certainly surprised that my Easter sermon was considered new!"

He suffered still from agonizing headaches. How often he had to spur himself to fresh energy, dominating his physical weakness through sheer force of will. Sometimes his exhaustion in the pulpit was so apparent that people spoke of it to Father Pardow himself. Finding that his fatigue had been noticed, he wrote: "I must stop this; I can throw off this look of fatigue and rouse myself. Of what use is it to speak and not do all the good I could?" He was told that his eyes looked tired, which he interpreted as meaning that he "looked at vacuity and did not brighten up"; and once more he concluded: "If I had gone right on and had not seemed deliberately exhausted, it would

have been all right. I can take a fresh tone as well as a tired tone."

From the time of the first series of controversial sermons on his return to New York in 1891, a series which he repeated in many places, he became more and more in demand both for sermons and retreats. Part of his utter absence of personal vanity was his readiness to learn from any and every source. He went to hear a number of non-Catholic preachers, and political speakers, including a famous anarchist, and was not a little criticised for so doing. Nevertheless, he found much that was effective in their delivery, and made use of it. He never hesitated to use other people's material where it served his purpose, and admitted it quite simply. "There are some good points in that," he would say; "I will use them in a sermon." He used them so effectively that it would have been hard to call his use of them a direct quotation; they had passed through the crucible of his own individual mind and original method of handling.

He never used a "preaching voice," and in this connection wrote in his special notes on preaching: "It is certain that the adopting of a religious voice in the pulpit, a voice distinct from the ordinary tone and intended to convey an impression of greater solemnity, is one of the chief causes of the preacher's being regarded as artificial, and his subject foreign to our ordinary business, and our serious worldly interests. No one can tell how much this simple and common blunder has done to sever our religion from our ordinary life,

and relegate it to special moments." Father Pardow's voice was always natural, like simple conversation, only loud enough to be heard by all.

But his sincerity was the flaming thing about him which carried his audience. The force of his personality was so great that it was itself forgotten. He had a message to convey from Christ: "I am the wire bearing the message," he exclaimed more than once. He need hardly have said it, so strongly was the impression conveyed to his hearers. He was there to deliver a message entrusted to him, and he did so with force, clearness and simplicity. He had the faculty of making his hearers think for themselves; to his mind, mental apathy was among the greatest dangers to sanctity. He studied his audience, he felt its pulse, he knew the moment its attention relaxed, and aroused it instantly by some sudden change, a touch of humor, a sarcastic comment, a homely or very personal application, a sudden paradox, which at once stimulated attention, though at the price of criticism from certain strait-laced hearers, who thought these flashes beneath the dignity of the pulpit. But the flashes accomplished their object, and as soon as Father Pardow felt that he had the full attention of his hearers, he lifted them with him as high as the rebound would carry.

He never for a moment gave the impression of making phrases; there was no obvious rhetoric. He was eloquent, not with the kind of eloquence usually associated with the pulpit, but with the kind that has always moved great masses of people

from the beginning of time; the stirring power of a man who has conceived great ideas and has learned to impart them vividly to the public; who understands the working of that public's mind and can kindle it in the direction he chooses. "I have learned that a congregation is not a mere body of faces, but a collection of individuals, men and women of intelligence. . . . It is more important for a teacher to understand his people than for the people to understand the teacher." This quotation was among his clippings, and shows the trend of his mind. Again he quotes, under the title, "The Secret of Real Eloquence," the following phrase from an address by "E" to "eight hundred dynamiters": "I was thinking of what the audience was thinking about; I was following each one's mind — I know them so well that I *could* follow. Of what use would it be for me to jump over a ditch, in my elocutionary flights, if *they* had not the power to take that jump too? I might be far afield, while, if I would only look back, I would see them still on the other side of the ditch!"

He studied his people during the sermons of his colleagues, going down among them to see what interested them, and, on returning, would often report that he himself had liked this or that point, but that *they* had remained passive. That intimate contact with the mind of an audience was his to an extraordinary degree; the stimulus of it with the handicaps. He never spoke twice in exactly the same way; the prescription was made up

according to the particular condition of his public. If asked to repeat a particular sermon he would be as likely to answer: "If you want me to repeat that sermon you must provide me with that same audience." "Do you mean that you receive so much from the public?" — "Why, yes," he would answer, as if stating a truism.

This kind of eloquence is something too vivid and personal to be analyzed and dissected fully. Yet certain external features of his method stand out which made it distinct from the method followed by most of his contemporaries in Catholic pulpits. Father Pardow's method was not that of the School; he knew his Institute well and had formed himself as a preacher while aiming, with complete singleness of purpose, to reach the particular kind of perfection set down in the Jesuit "Rules for Preachers." The 19th Rule states that a Jesuit in preaching should follow a method utterly at variance with academic form.[1] Father Pardow severed himself from academic form with such emphasis that his preaching was condemned by many of his colleagues as lacking in logic and continuity of thought. Their minds, being accustomed to work along analytic lines, could not discern a basis of unity which was not analytic in

[1] Regulæ Concionatorum: (18) Caveant arrogantiam et ostentationem in concione: humilitatemque, cui ex intimo cordis affectu studere debent, in omni actione præseferant. . . .

(19) Modus concionandi (*qui a scholastico diversus esse debet*) ita sit ad docendum comparatus, ut ad animorum motum præcipue dirigatur. . . .

(20) Ne sint affectati, aut verborum lenocinia sectentur. . . .

its nature. On the other hand, lawyers, statesmen and professional men and women of all classes were enthusiastic admirers of Father Pardow's preaching precisely because of his irresistible logic. This radical discrepancy can only be explained by the fact that the logic and unity of Father Pardow's sermons indeed existed, but along divergent lines from that of his colleagues. His sermons were synthetic, not analytic, in construction. He had discarded the analytic style as unsuited to the mixed mass of people of every degree of mental equipment whom it was his duty to reach. They must be caught as it were on the wing. The same ideas must be made vivid to all, for he was not satisfied to sacrifice one part of his audience to the other part. His shots must hit all; one illustration would strike here, another there, but the same ideas would be brought within the reach of each one. Thus he repeated himself often and deliberately, but never tamely. He insisted, with reiterated emphasis, upon one or two great thoughts, even as the fundamental theme is brought in again and again in a symphony, not as a mere repetition, but appearing ever with fresh meaning, gathering new values as it is brought in contact with other themes or with new harmonies; appearing again and again, as old yet ever new. His plan was to bring home one thought and make it realized. No one was left in doubt as to what that thought might be. His illustrations, his jokes, his satire, had a single object; to bring out the one truth he wished his audience to grasp and fit it into the work-

ing machinery of their particular minds. On this one truth he built up his entire sermon. In this connection, one of Father Pardow's tertians says of him: "His mind was Gothic in structure. It had none of the symmetry of the Roman Renaissance. He could not bring himself to set revealed truth upon arguments arranged like so many perfectly matched fluted columns. In his mind a truth such as the infallibility of the Church arose in Gothic richness, power and variety. One or two piles of solid thought supported his thesis; then came props, flying buttresses, as it were, of examples and analogies, with even an occasional gargoyle that may have made 'the judicious grieve,' yet which served as definite a purpose in the upbuilding of thought upon thought as any other part of the structure."

"There is no need of *showing* the scaffolding of a sermon," wrote Father Pardow in his notes on preaching. "There are arts, such as architecture, where it is interesting and proper to show the lines of construction; in others, such as tailoring, it is the artist's duty to conceal it." Yet to conceal it is not necessarily to omit it.

His sermons must be judged, not as literature, but as speech, sober truth not running to phrases, and on those rare occasions when a sentence slipped out which savored of impassioned prose, it gave the effect of having taken form in spite of himself. "He was simple, direct and pre-eminently clear," wrote a colleague. "His thoughts freed themselves of all unessential detail and stood out in bold relief.

The listener might disagree with his position, but he could not mistake it."

"The extinction of unendurable excellence" tempted him not at all. Rather did he aim at stimulating contrasts and even a dash of "Nature's bracing gusts of ugliness." As late as 1907 he copied out this passage from *The Caxtons* to illustrate his own conviction: "He was a terrible 'word-weigher.' His prepared speeches were the most finished pieces of cold diction that could be conceived under the marble portico of the stoics — so filled and turned, trimmed and tamed, that they never admitted a sentence that could warm the heart or offend the ear. He had so great a horror of a vulgarism that he would have made a paraphrase of a couple of lines to avoid using the word 'cat.' It was only in extemporary speaking that a ray of his real genius would indiscreetly betray itself." Once more, as if to reinforce himself along the lines of his own experience, he quotes a review of the sermons of a contemporary: "Powerful in the pulpit, the greater freedom of the platform seems to give better play to the characteristic features of his style, and especially to allow of a certain geniality and humor, which, for some *unconvincing* tradition and conventionality of the pulpit, seems to be wholly suppressed in preaching." The italics are Father Pardow's own. Yet of the utility of the "gargoyles," he seems to have had real doubts, and hundreds of criticisms testify to the care with which he weighed their effect on different temperaments.

He left out all elaborate introductions to his sermons, and came straight to the point, often with some striking paradoxical phrase, such as: "The first Easter, dear brethren, was evidently a very sad day. The Head was indeed risen, but the members were still in the grave." Or again: "The first time Our Lord and Saviour appeared in public he appeared as an *educator*." Or again, on All Saints' Day: "If the Founder of Christianity had submitted His platform to the eyes of the world's greatest statesmen, it would have been their unanimous verdict, without a moment's hesitation, that such a platform would be absolutely suicidal. 'Why,' they would say, 'keep those things in the background; offer riches, not poverty; offer prosperity, not persecution.' But the Founder of Christianity thought otherwise, and even human history tells of His wisdom." Having once riveted the attention of his audience with these characteristic beginnings, he launched forth on the proof. This usually took the form of examples and analogies. "Our Lord always taught by illustration, which is the only way to teach," he often said. He tried to speak as Christ spoke. He imitated as literally as he could Christ's method of talking to crowds, drawing, as He did, his illustrations from the familiar incidents of the daily life of his hearers. Where Christ used the sowing of seed, the casting of nets, taking the very scenes before the eyes of those who heard Him beside the banks of the lake and the rich surrounding valleys, Father Pardow selected the typical features of a

modern city. "Had Our Lord lived in the days of electric lights, telephones and telegraph wires, trolley cars and power-houses, He would undoubtedly have used these familiar things to illustrate the truths he was seeking to convey." Thus, with Christ as his familiar model, Father Pardow translated the message of the parables into terms of today.

How literally he studied his Master's methods may be seen in the pages of his note-book; as for instance: "If would produce lasting effect on hearers, must address self to every faculty of the soul. Must seize understanding by clearness and vigor of own mind; enchain imagination by richness and variety of fancy; fascinate hearer by power of strong emotion. Senses, too, must be placed under spell, and all this to move souls. This is exactly what Christ did. His method of persuasion: (1) Christ's clearness: by extraordinary conciseness, precision and simplicity of expression. (2) Profound wisdom. (3) Keenness of judgment." (Here follows a number of examples.) "(4) Wealth and variety of Christ's resources of mind: uses same thoughts, images and parallels, but in very few cases are they absolutely the same. Purpose is changed or new circumstances added. Lost Sheep is used twice, but once to prove malice of scandal; other time, mercy of God." After many examples, Father Pardow continues: "It was not merely the out-pouring of a lofty and vigorous intellect; thoughts did not stand forth as trees in winter, bare and unadorned branches of thought, but

were clothed with leaf and flower . . . charmed with ornaments of speech."

He noted, in order to imitate it, Christ's concrete way of talking. "Christ seldom speaks in general terms," he wrote. "He does not speak of the animal kingdom in general, but of the eagle, the raven, the sparrow, the fox, the scorpion; not of trees and shrubs, but of the mulberry, the fig, the mustard seed, wheat and corn; not of money, but pounds, drachmas, and talents; not of great pain, but 'the gnashing of teeth.' He is realistic and vivid; giving graphic little descriptions of events from nature and life. Secular pursuits are particularized by purchase of farms, trial of oxen. He even specifies 'three yokes of oxen.'" Father Pardow was himself inclined to agree with Joubert that abstractions are but shadows to cover voids.

In imparting his experience as to the secrets of eloquence to the juniors of the Society, the three necessary qualities and their relative importance are characteristic: The first was to be a man of prayer. The second, to be a man willing to study. The third included all matters of voice, gesture and manner, among which, to be natural and earnest was of the first importance. "The face should speak. . . . Some of you are eloquent in the baseball field, with eyes and hands and face. Eloquence must include the voice, gesture, manner, style. . . . The days of long sentences have passed: use short, crisp phrases." He quotes an example of eloquence: "Saint Augustine had no literary scruples; he repeated himself when he judged it useful. . . .

But his triumph, the most touching side of his eloquence, and the most imitable for all, is the constant and victorious effort of the soul to *sortir d'elle-même* and to pass entirely into that of his hearers. . . . He is bound to make his hearers grasp a truth and live up to it. . . . The hearer not only receives the word but applies it to himself, '*il s'y associe*' by a personal, spontaneous work. His eloquence goes straight to hearts, '*les saisit, les maîtrise, les contraint de vivre, de sentir, d'agir à l'unison de l'âme noble, ardente, fraternelle, d'où elle sort*' — or rather the eloquence is nothing but the soul itself '*naïvement abandonnée aux auditeurs, et passant en eux toute entière.*' This is '*le dernier secret de l'art*'; i.e.: put soul in words and you are eloquent." This quotation represents so graphically the effect of Father Pardow's own form of eloquence that it is interesting as showing that it was a result deliberately sought after. The quotation is an early one, probably dating back to his student days, if we may judge by the medley of French and English.

Father Pardow's notes for sermons cover a wide range of subjects. He narrowed them down as the years passed, concentrating his efforts upon those which he considered the vital topics of the day: Education, the Bible, Marriage and Divorce, the Church, the Nature of Authority, and a few others. He made no pretence of treating those subjects as a scholar with profound new views to advance. His whole effort was to convey to every hearer a clear grasp of a few essential truths.

"One idea fully realized" was ever his aim. Each year his style grew more transparent, luminous, and concrete, each idea was more simplified, and their number reduced, but the application made so vivid and personal, so vital and living, that it is a common experience among his hearers to remember the subjects they heard him treat, not only in his words, but in his characteristic voice and manner, and this for the rest of their lives. "You have stamped indelibly a whole picture gallery in my mind — pictures that flash out brightly when most needed," wrote a stranger many years after hearing him preach. "The Magi, — '*vidimus stellam*,' and that other picture of two faint-hearted Apostles on the way to Emmaus, — I see them on dark days and they make it easy to decide that it is worth any amount of suffering to die with one's face turned toward Jerusalem." One of the Brothers in the Society told him, many years after hearing him: "Your words stand out so clearly: '*the power of God and the wisdom of God*'! — they come back to me always — I see them everywhere!"

His presentation, while so simple and direct, was pregnant with poetic undercurrents and a surprising power of suggestion. A word let drop almost casually would open out a whole field of stimulating thought to the listener who was able to receive it, without distracting from the main idea those to whom the allusion suggested nothing. He was always on fire, but with a majestic fire; his brilliant intellectual equipment, his keen sense

of humor, served only to feed the flame. It was not only the superficial side of his humor which told, but an indefinable quality which flowed through all his eloquence, that seemed to touch the very heart and source of humor. That humor, so close to pathos, was the result, in his case, of a deep understanding of suffering.

His use of irony was one of his most forcible weapons. He succeeded in making sin ridiculous as well as unreasonable, knowing that there is no more effective weapon than ridicule. His most withering sarcasm was always directed at sin masquerading as respectability or fashion, at insincerity and hypocrisy, or at the divergence between profession and practice. Saint Peter was shown, with his virtue "of circumstance but not of character," protesting that he would die for his Master, but not able to watch an hour for Him in the garden; gradually dropping off to sleep while he murmured, "Wake me when it is time for me to die." Again, in the hall of Caiaphas: "He did not want to deny Christ. . . . It was that horrid servant that met him . . . and those men who said he was a Galilean. . . . Oh, if he had *only not met them!!*" And the men invited to the Marriage Feast: "They were not wicked men, . . . they did not kill anyone, they did not steal. They were good business men, interested in a stock-farm. No doubt they were sorry to disappoint the noble personage who had invited them, but the invitation had come at an inconvenient time. It would indeed have given them pleasure to have accepted,

. . . but there were the oxen: it would not do to disappoint the oxen!" No account of Father Pardow's words can give the least suggestion of the way in which he acted out the scene he described with his natural power of mimicry.

And there was never a moment, even in the height of his success and popularity, when he relaxed in his effort to improve. The recorded criticisms grow more numerous rather than the reverse. Had he been *perfectly* heard throughout by all? What had brought results? What had created antagonism? To see, among his notes, these criticisms kept, until the day of his death, with the same fidelity as in his formative years, would be doubtless as surprising to those who knew him only casually as it is characteristic of him to those who knew Father Pardow as he was. His was a humility more than skin deep, as different as possible from that false humility of which Saint Ignatius had so great a horror. He grew more and more clever at trapping unwary criticisms from every kind of person, and applied them where he saw their justice. Thus in the heyday of his success Father Pardow still recorded the approval or disapproval of a child, and that of many a carping and unjust critic.

A member of his own Order writes of him:

"No analysis of word or gesture, no study of style will disclose the secret of Father Pardow's success as a preacher. Emphasis, distinctness, telling epigrams were but the instruments. It was the man, the Religious, the saintly character which

attracted and persuaded. His appearance, his life, his intense convictions, his palpable sincerity, were the factors in his preaching which were most effective. All else was little, however helpful or even necessary. He perfected himself in the accessories of eloquence, but never sought them for themselves. If the idea ever suggested itself to him that this or that means or style would put him in or out of the category of orators, he would have dismissed the thought as frivolous and would have deprecated the discussion of any such topics as academic. Father Pardow saved souls by preaching God's word as best he knew how. Any further classification is unprofitable theorizing."

BOOK III

"MECUM LABORARE"

"Come with me and see my zeal for the Lord."

IV Kings, x, 16.

Chapter I

THE DIVINE ALLUREMENT

SPIRITUAL starvation is most acute when it is unfelt. In the sufferer's ignorance of his own condition lies his danger. To open his eyes to his own misery, and make him conscious of the need that God alone can satisfy, is the first object of a retreat. "Behold, I will allure her, and will lead her into the desert; and I will speak to her heart!" Here is the divine counterblast to the *fascinatio nugacitatis*, the frenzied absorption in the gift at the expense of the Giver, in the task at the expense of the vision.

Obedient to the divine allurement, Christ spent in the desert the forty days that prefaced His public career. His days of preaching and healing were always reinforced by nights of solitude on the mountain-side — a personal testimony to the fact that exterior activity is not the whole duty of man.

The lure of this tremendous solitude spread to the followers of Christ; not to the hermit of the desert alone, nor to the solitary of the cell, but — in shorter periods — to the busy men and women of the cities, the hard-pressed millions that crowd the work-shops and the factories. Each follower of Christ, however humble, is urged to withdraw

from the rush of events for an occasional pause, to step back from the crowd far enough to view life in perspective.

The practice of making retreats dates back to the earliest days of the Christian Church, but at first they were haphazard in character; the spiritual forces were not concentrated. Saint Ignatius' contribution to the traditional asceticism was to arrange the ideas on a logical plan and give them organic unity. The result was the *Spiritual Exercises.*

While the Company of Jesus was the first religious order to embody in its rule the making of retreats, the effect was so manifest that others hastened to adopt them; and today there is hardly a religious community, either for men or women, in which the *Spiritual Exercises* do not figure as an annual event.

Their use spread rapidly among the secular clergy and the laity, and in the seventeenth century retreats were already preached upon the plan of the *Exercises* to groups of laymen, groups which were at first miscellaneous in character, but were gradually so classified that the instructor could make his talks bear directly on the conditions of their daily lives. Day-laborers, soldiers, artists, professional and business men, came in turn each year to follow the *Exercises*, and left with a firmer grasp of spiritual values, and some practical training in the art of applying those values to their own peculiar circumstances.

It was through the medium of the preached

retreat that Father Pardow left the most permanent mark on his time. He gave his summer months to the work, and crowded into them the industry that might well have filled his whole span of life. No man of his day did more than he to lift all classes of men and women to a closer love of God. His energizing touch was manifest among the clergy of eighteen states and two Canadian provinces, while his influence upon religious communities and lay people was so powerful that each class urged him to save his strength for their special needs.

While the *Exercises* depend for their effect upon the response of the retreatant himself, to admit this is not to undervalue the function of the instructor. One preacher rouses the soul to personal activity, where another leaves it dormant. "Father Pardow had the power of stirring the soul to *act*," said one of his retreatants; and he made familiar truths organically living for each individual. It was this faculty that made his retreats powerful. He was not satisfied with a clear exposition of his ideas of the ascetic life; he could not rest until each hearer had taken personal hold of them. Behind Father Pardow's brilliant intellectual equipment and wide experience, lay a completely simple point of view. Each human being, behind the external trappings, was a soul which it was his duty to awaken; each was as worthy of his personal toil as though there had been no rival claim upon his attention. His message was one of personal activity, of personal responsibility, of intelligence and strength. Whether he spoke to

hundreds or to a score, he took the same pains to reach each individual; to rouse each one out of a mere routine acceptance of dead values, and stimulate him into spiritual activity.

From the moment Father Pardow's erect figure entered the room, a large Bible under his arm, and knelt to say the opening prayer, his air of grave sincerity and conviction had focussed attention, not on himself, but on the object of his own attention.

He spoke approximately five hours a day, informally, as one human being to another. His words gave the effect, not of a set lecture, but of a talk full of luminous asides, digressions, illustrations, — all spontaneous, yet all forming part of a consistent train of thought. The mind of the listener worked with his own — he waited until it did — and his thought seemed to weave itself into the very fabric of the hearer's brain. His incisive, positive manner, his words, simple but trenchant and full of potency, were mellowed by a deep knowledge of the human heart and the tact of divine tenderness.

In outlining the meditations, he never spoke long on abstract principles, but turned at once to concrete illustrations, using the Bible, as did Ignatius, "like a sword drawn from the scabbard." He so dramatized the Bible scenes that each hearer lived again in person the events described. His usual method was to revivify a scene from the Old Testament, and then carry through the underlying thought to the New Testament and the personal

Christ, a juxtaposition often startling in its revealing power. His own luminous comments ran along like a series of marginal annotations; humor, pathos, logic, all combined to build up that which was his peculiar genius: the power to stimulate mental energy and create the active listener. He knew the exact moment to stop and leave an idea unfinished, that the retreatant might have the illuminating experience of discovering a personal application; but so well had the soil been prepared that each drew from it, inevitably, the proper harvest.

He was pre-eminent in forming those who have to be *in* the world but not *of* it, those who must hold to ascetic principles amidst unascetic surroundings. His retreats to religious communities were apt to be most successful where those communities were devoted to exterior works rather than to an activity wholly interior. He developed in his retreatants a certain ruggedness of soul and heroism in face of difficulties.

His retreats were sane and practical; no one was more opposed than he to strain or excitement. "I do not believe in 'revivals,'" he used to say, "because they act upon the imagination only." His retreats were a school of solid asceticism based on sound psychological principles: "exercises of the mind and exercises of the will." He was convinced — and managed to convince others — that sanctity was the only rational life, and that the really dramatic adventure was the silent adventure of the soul.

Chapter II

RETREATS TO THE CLERGY

"How long do you halt between two sides?
If the Lord be God, follow Him!"
— III Kings, xviii, 21.

THE very multiplicity of his duties may become a serious menace to the spiritual life of a parish priest. The pressure of business details of church and school, and the charitable institutions under his care; the organizing of clubs and sodalities for men, women and children; the baptisms, weddings, funerals, confessions and sick calls of his flock; all these things absorb his attention, fill his time, and may well combine to drain his own interior resources. The annual retreat is his chance to store the spiritual power-house.

In the incomplete record available of Father Pardow's retreats to the clergy, no less than sixty-two are set down, most of them having been given during the last twelve years of his life. He spoke for six consecutive days to groups of priests ranging in number from one hundred to three hundred; and he repeated the process in subsequent weeks, without rest or intermission, until every priest in the diocese had been reached. He covered in this way practically all the Atlantic Coast states, as well as Ohio, Indiana, California and part of

Canada. This record, while incomplete, will suggest the wide range of his influence among the secular clergy.

Upon this audience, each one of whom was himself a centre of influence, Father Pardow labored and spent himself, handing on the secret which had been the touchstone of his own inner life, teaching them how to make the details of the priestly vocation not mechanical, but vital, so that in the midst of their busy days of service mere routine should not take the place of living spiritual energy. He insisted that there was a *live* way and a dead way of performing the various duties of the priestly calling: of saying Mass, of reading the Breviary, of hearing confessions and making sick calls. Mere juxtaposition was not life. The "Man in Christ" should feel the pulsation of the heart of Jesus, for each priest was charged with all Christ's interests. He preached not only work for Christ, but work with Christ as fellow toiler — the full *Mecum laborare.*

We can get some idea of the lasting impression that Father Pardow's retreats made upon the clergy of an entire region, by quoting a prominent priest of the archdiocese of Boston, whose account was written many years after the event:

"The first impression one got of Father Pardow as he sat at the desk giving the points of the opening meditation, was that he was a man of unusual power — intellectual and spiritual. And that impression deepened as the retreat proceeded.

"There was about him the unmistakable air of

the soul that dwells continually in the companionship of high and solemn thoughts. The supernatural world was to him not only a real world — as it is to all the children of the Faith — but a very present world, whose realities he saw with such vividness that he was able to make others see and feel them as they had not seen or felt before.

"He looked the ascetic — a strong man who had achieved self-mastery, himself a living illustration of the text he preached. His voice did not weaken this impression, — it was strong, vibrant, masculine.

"A high seriousness was his normal mood, and it was not lessened by the occasional flash of wit, sharp and grim.

"In no part of the retreat was there a suggestion of mechanical routine. 'Spiritual Exercises' they were for the preacher, and he made them exercises for his hearers. There was no quiescence in the preacher, or mere passivity of reception in the hearer. It was work for all from beginning to end.

"He was a prophet, with a prophet's disregard of everything but the truth; his message, century old, he announced with a searching, sometimes a scorching power and directness, that made each individual feel that it was a message for him.

"Father Pardow had the gift of taking long-accepted truths and principles out of the region of the general, and making them very particular, with a strong accusing, reproving, strengthening or inspiring force that acted on the individual as if it existed for that individual alone.

"He translated principles from the abstract to

the concrete; he gave them color and form, and made them tingle with vital force.

"He tore aside the veil of self-delusion and displayed the truth with a lightning vividness that startled the beholder out of easy complacency. No one who entered Father Pardow's retreat came out of it with anything but a very humble opinion of himself, and in that lay a great source of the retreat's strength and success. He made his hearer realize, as he had not realized before, how very far short he fell of what God expected of him and had a right to demand.

"A retreat depends finally on the grace of God, and the work must be done by the individual soul under that grace. No one insisted on this more than Father Pardow. From beginning to end, after each meditation, he came back to the necessity of prayer. It is one of the factors which stand out most clearly — his continued pleading for prayer, and particularly, prayer in union with our Lord praying in the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass.

"Father Pardow had the power of stirring the soul to act, not by emotional appeal, but by revealing the soul to itself. He turned on the searchlight. This power of making the soul see itself with unwonted clearness was the product of a twofold knowledge which he possessed in a singular degree: the knowledge of Holy Scripture and the knowledge of the human heart. His command of Holy Scripture was not the dry, scientific knowledge of the Hebraist and the apologist, but that of a great preacher and master of the spiritual life.

For years he had 'searched the Scriptures' to such effect that every one of his meditations was flooded with light from the Bible.

"From oft-quoted texts and familiar episodes he drew a lesson new, yet apt and pointed to such a degree that one marvelled why so obvious a meaning had escaped oneself. His telling examples were from the Bible. The development of his theme was scriptural rather than philosophical, and for that reason it had the power of healing while it smites that comes only from the Inspired Word. His favorite method of building up his discourse was to take the great truth that was the subject of meditation and to turn upon it and its practical application to life, the light to be found in successive books of the Old Testament; the cumulative effect, like that of wave on wave, reaching its climax in the words or example of our Blessed Saviour.

"No plan could be simpler; none so effective. In the hands of a master it was irresistible.

"Father Pardow knew the human heart; its powers and its weaknesses, its sublimities and its follies. He knew life. He had studied man in history, in literature and in contemporary action. He had studied himself. He knew what moves men to act either for good or for evil; he had analyzed the complexity of motives that enters into the action even of good men. With the skill and sureness of the surgeon cutting exactly to the seat of disorder, he laid bare the inmost heart, and over against it he placed the Heart pierced on Calvary.

"And this self-knowledge, far from bringing discouragement, led to peace and strength based on a frank sincerity with oneself and a firm trust in God.

"It was the distinction of Father Pardow's retreat that one went away from it feeling that one had secured a firmer grasp than ever before of the great truths of salvation as applied to one's own self; a deeper realization of the surpassing dignity and importance of the sublime office of the priesthood; and a more palpable sense of the enveloping love of God and of the companionship of the Divine Model, Friend and Master.

"The writer, after making Father Pardow's retreat, felt that he had sat for a week at the feet of a Master in Israel, whose clear vision and strong utterance came more from a life of holiness and prayer than from study and reflection, long and deep as these undoubtedly were. Of all the retreats he has made, the one preached by Father Pardow stands out as the most powerful, the most stimulating, the most re-creative, and altogether the most effective."

Any attempt adequately to reconstruct Father Pardow's talks to priests would be futile, although his notes supply both matter and sequence. The very quality would be lost which made them so intimate and searching in their appeal. The effect was of a personal meditation made out loud; the scenes were acted out with a simplicity and direct realism that, set up in cold print, would give an impression utterly at variance with the one actually

conveyed. He identified himself with the characters he described, speaking for them, answering them, advising them, and interpreting their mental processes. He never drew attention to human frailty until he had revealed the beauty of the Divine Model. Then, with a deft touch, he made the listeners see themselves in all their pitiful inadequacy. The details of their duty as priests appeared in the light of obvious conclusions, and always with a certain freshness, as though seen from a new angle.

His use of the Bible was perhaps the most striking feature of his retreats to most of the priests who followed them. Father Pardow's long study of the Bible had been made with the idea of grouping passages that bore upon the *Spiritual Exercises.* This was the point of focus. The result was to give him a fund upon which to draw for illustrations that added poignancy to his own vivid descriptions. Innumerable arrangements of biblical passages collated in this way may be found among his voluminous notes; among them are many detailed plans for giving the *Exercises,* marked *Typica* and arranged by days and hours. The notes are brief, full of meat, concentrated, giving the kernel of the thought. Often they are no more than a sequence of biblical references; then a crisp phrase appears giving the pith of an argument. Between the lines, anyone familiar with Father Pardow's retreats can follow the thought, can even picture the absorbed face of the preacher and hear the tones of his positive utterance.

He did not tie himself down, however, to a slavish following of his plan. It was but a framework for his free strokes. He spoke according to the needs of the moment, and later, examined his work in retrospect, comparing it with the typical plan. The system was valuable not only for the purpose of self-criticism, but as a record of material used in speaking to a given audience in past years, so that each retreat might be a development of the previous one rather than a repetition of the theme. Such was the minute care for detail that backed his "extemporaneous" eloquence.

Strangely enough, it was in his retreats to priests that he seemed least able to gauge the effect of his words at the time. He suffered from a frequent sense of the futility of his efforts, only to find that they had borne fruit to a striking degree. On the other hand, his success brought no personal elation, but only a sense of the power of God, who was willing to use him as an instrument. He was too intelligent to be vain. "As well," he remarked, "might an electric bulb become vain of the light it gives out. To cure it of its vanity, we need only turn the button and cut it off from the powerhouse." This was no ornamental phrase, but expressed literally Father Pardow's mental attitude, the foundation of his personal humility. "You seem to think that humility consists merely in having a *lowly* opinion of yourself," he explained to a penitent in this connection; "You forget that it consists in having a *true* opinion." But this

true opinion presupposed a Divine standard of comparison.

In his retreats Father Pardow taught by object lesson. He put before his retreatants a psychological study of Christ's character, showing the springs of His actions, so that theirs might spring from the same motives. "Character," he used to say, quoting Mallock, "Character is susceptibility to motive." To what motives was Christ susceptible? He applied the test to each situation of His life, showed Him touched in turn by all the feelings of which the human heart is capable, but acting only on the noblest. Thus in the Garden of Gethsemane was drawn in strong strokes the struggle of the human heart, that began each hour in weakness with the prayer: "Let the chalice pass!" but ended each hour in strength with the cry: "Not my will but thine!" Christ was shown oppressed by feelings of sadness, discouragement and fear, which, had He acted upon them, would have proved His character a weak one; but in the fact that He responded to none of them lay His strength. He was susceptible to one motive only, the motive of love.

The same test was applied to the study of the Apostles, chosen especially because they illustrated the priestly vocation. In his scorching arraignment of the weak but boastful Peter, and his more terrible description of the gradual downfall of Judas, his severity was not aimed at a historic figure in the dim past, but at a type of the men who sat before him, and the analogy, while never explicit,

was evident to each one. It was no artificial figure erected to demolish, at which he fired; each shot hit the mark, struck the real being behind the disguise in which each soul masquerades, however unconsciously, from its own gaze; and, having found it, Father Pardow disturbed its satisfied assurance. Would their vocation save them? Judas had a real vocation to be an Apostle. Would their early zeal for God justify them? Judas had sacrificed all things to follow his Master. Would their good standing with their fellow priests cover their interior poverty? Judas was considered holy by the other Apostles, for when Christ spoke of a traitor, not one of them thought of Judas.

The priestly vocation was but an added responsibility, a new code by which they would be judged. One who might have been saved by the code of an ordinary man would be damned by the code of a priest.

Judas was drawn as a man whose temptations came to him as part of his office. Christ confided to him the keeping of the purse. Love of money took root in his heart, and he grew attached to something outside of Christ. The interior life waned; Christ's repeated warnings went unheeded; for even Christ could not save one who did not wish to be saved. Father Pardow visualized every detail of that last terrible scene of despair; he saw Judas as he fastened the halter to the tree, and cried out to him to stop; to look over at that other Mount where Christ was dying for him! If he would say to Christ what he had said to the chief

priests: "*Peccavi!*" Christ would still raise His blood-stained hand and pronounce forgiveness. But Judas did not know the heart of Christ, so he put the halter around his neck, and by denying the reality of Christ's mercy to sinners, committed the final crime without which the rest could have been washed away.

This dramatizing of the scenes he described was one of the most telling features of Father Pardow's meditations. No less original was his method of filling out one biblical scene with material taken from others. Of this, a striking example is his meditation on the General Judgment. Each priest was made to stand as defendant before the "jury of the universe" and hear the words of Scripture testifying with cumulative power to his infidelity:

The Prophet Ezechiel announced the details of the charge:

"Woe to you, Shepherds of Israel! . . . The weak you have not strengthened, and that which was sick you have not healed, that which was broken you have not bound up, and that which was driven away you have not brought again, neither have you sought that which was lost. . . . Therefore, ye shepherds, hear the word of the Lord: As I live, forasmuch as my flocks have been made a spoil, and my sheep are become a prey to all the beasts of the field because my shepherds did not seek after my flock . . . Therefore, behold, I myself come upon the shepherds; I will require my flock at their hand." [1]

The Prophet Osee added these terrible words:

"Hear this, O priests, and hearken, O ye house of Israel. . . . There is a judgment against you, because you have been a snare to them whom you should have watched over, and a net spread upon Thabor." [2] It was as though the Lord had said: I threw around you the halo of my sanctity to encourage my little ones, and you have led them away from me!

[1] Ezech. xxxiv, 2–10. [2] Osee v, 1.

Again the Prophet Ezechiel took up the arraignment:

"My sheep were fed with that which you had trodden with your feet, and they drank that which your feet had troubled!" [1]

The Book of Wisdom supplied a picture of Judge and witnesses: the just, standing "with great constancy against those that have afflicted them, and taken away their labours"; Christ clad in the dress which he would wear on that day only, the day when he would "judge the world in equity."

"His zeal will take armour. . . . He will put on justice as a breastplate" — to protect his own heart against himself — "and will take true judgment instead of a helmet" — as though to protect His human mind against His love — "and He will take equity for an invincible shield," — to guard Himself against prayer from without, on that day when no prayer is possible.— "And he will sharpen his severe wrath for a spear." [2]

"Thou, therefore, that teachest another teachest not thyself." [3] This was the opening of the charge, which unfolded in detail, each point driven home with powerful emphasis by the words of the Bible. After the whole case had been set forth, the witnesses had spoken, the defence had been broken down point by point, then at last, as though by force of habit, the familiar phrase burst from the lips of the accused: "Lord, forgive! — *Si iniquitates observaveris, Domine, Domine, quis sustinebit?*" — "Hush, that is prayer! There can be no prayer on this day." The prayer strikes against the breastplate of steel and rebounds as strict justice: "'Out of thy own mouth shall I judge thee, thou wicked servant!' [4] —

[1] Ezech. xxxiv, 19.
[2] Wisdom v, 1, 18.
[3] Romans ii, 21.
[4] Luke xix, 22.

Look back over the priest's life, follow him as *censor morum*, and at each word of his, you can hear the judgment of God cry out: 'Out of thy own mouth shall I judge thee!'"

The next picture was supplied by the Book of Wisdom:

> "And he will arm the creature for the revenge of his enemies, . . . and the whole world shall fight with him against the unwise." [1]

This scene Father Pardow filled out with vivid imagination. *Arming the creature* was no mere phrase. He saw the details: the bread upon the altar rising to protest that it had not been made for a sacrilege; the wine joining in the accusation; the altar steps testifying that they had been forced to support a traitor. He saw the water which had been held in check for the comfort of man, set free to destroy him; the fire that had been made to warm him, allowed to burn him and devastate the earth.

But the details of Judgment were not merely to terrify. The vivid "rehearsal" was to put the hearers in a mood of prayer. Now was the time to use the power of Judgment while prayer was still possible:

"'Lord, I want to pray to you!'" — Father Pardow was still chief actor in the drama — "'I want to pray to you, but there is no use in my praying as long as you have on that breastplate of steel!' At the prayer, Christ removes it!"

Then Father Pardow applied the meditation, "'*Judica me, Deus!*' — it was the daily prayer of

[1] Wisdom v, 18, 21.

each priest — 'Judge me at the foot of the altar!' Christ answers: 'I will, — but not now. I have given you power to bind my hands by prayer. I have not, as yet, the spear of severe wrath *contra insensatos*' — ah, cruel irony: not against sinners or against criminals, but against fools!"

The point was to bring the power of Judgment into their lives now, while it could be made useful. Niagara Falls had wasted its power for ages until the people of Buffalo learned to use it to light their city. Let each priest use the power of Judgment; let him examine and see whether his defence will hold; have a full rehearsal and then say Mass: "*Judica me, Deus,*" — let him *use* the power.

Chapter III

RETREATS TO THE PEOPLE

WHAT does the Catholic Church do for the average man and woman? Perhaps that hurrying stream of men, four thousand strong, that peopled the dark street an hour before daylight and disappeared into the dimly lighted church, might have given the answer. Or those women who followed in their footsteps a week later, the hard-pressed workers of the big city who could not give their days to the divine solitude, but gave part of their short hours of rest, — an hour morning and evening for eight days, — that the spiritual tonic might not interfere with their daily duties as wage earners.

What could the Catholic Church offer these people to repay them for their sacrifice? It kept alive in each one the image of God. It fostered true liberty, relegating it, not to some accident of external conditions, but placing it in that flaming side of man that no external condition can touch unless with his own consent. It inoculated each soul with a sense of its personal dignity and inner freedom, which can dominate and fashion to its own purpose the most unpromising outer facts.

"God bless him," said an old woman as she left

the church before dawn, the voice of Father Pardow still ringing in her ears, "I was sick when I came, but my heart went up, and now I am cured. I was drowsy and cold, but he helped me and will help me for many a long day. He made the tears roll round in my eyes — I never heard the like!"

Father Pardow's cure for social evils worked from the inside outward rather than from the surface inward. Where is the sting of poverty or the curse of injustice if it acts as a closer bond of union to the Friend who chose to be poor, and who made the conditions of the working man His own? "I used to feel my life was hard," said one of the submerged tenth at the end of a mission, "but now nothing is too hard!"

In dealing with simple people Father Pardow was never at a loss. Like Macaulay, who attributed his lucid style to his habit of talking to children, Father Pardow gained many of the finer features of his style by bringing down his thoughts to the understanding of uncultured minds. With this audience his power of dramatization had full scope, and because he knew so well the point of view of those to whom he spoke, the conditions under which they lived, their temptations and struggles, he rarely failed in his effects. He brought the spiritual life within the range of their daily experience, and made them realize their personal responsibility. But while he was dramatic and stirring he was not sensational, but brought out his points in simple forceful language, driven home by fresh and striking illustrations from the details of busi-

ness life — the telephone, the trolley car, accounts and balances, and even cash registers. So interesting did he make his talks to this great body of men that he might well have spoken two hours instead of one each night and morning.

There is one infallible test of a mission preacher's eloquence. It lies in the return of prodigals to the Father's house. The harvest from Father Pardow's missions to working-people came in immediately and a thousand fold. Each one brought many dramatic incidents of souls, long in sin, turning away from their old lives and courageously starting fresh. As an example of his power to touch the most hardened hearts one of his colleagues tells of a case within his own experience, when, after one of Father Pardow's mission sermons, three penitents came to him in turn, whose confessions covered so long a time away from the sacraments that in the aggregate they dealt with a period of one hundred and twenty-five years.

His sureness of touch, especially with men, was a direct outgrowth of the accompanying experience in the confessional. The crimes, the pitiful excuses on which self-deceit was nourished, the traits of moral cowardice so tragically laid bare before his gaze, drew forth from the pulpit his most burning arraignments of hypocrisy and self-deception. Those who "tried to be good" but threw themselves into occasions of temptation: as well might they walk into a fire and expect not to burn; as well might they seek to avoid catching smallpox by rushing unnecessarily into the conta-

gious ward at a hospital. But his talks were not all invective. It was the tender human touches which brought home the penitents after their attention had been riveted by fear. And the final result was fixed by the note of generosity and heroism, the soldierly quality he knew how to infuse, the courage to follow Christ in spite of obstacles.

Sometimes it was less what he said than what he *was* that taught the deepest lessons. On the last morning of the mission, when those thousands of Christ's guests approached the Wedding Feast, gathered indeed from the highways, some of them strangers from a far country, Father Pardow went down the long line that renewed itself again and again, bringing to each one his part in the great Banquet. His manner showed such personal care and tenderness that one of them said to him many years later: "When I saw you giving Communion, bending down and caring for each single one, saying 'animam *tuam*' — *your* soul — I realized, for the first time, Christ's love, and felt there was something to live for."

Chapter IV

WOMEN OF LEISURE

"They counted life a pastime." — Wisdom, xv, 12.

"How many people eat, drink and get married, buy, sell and build; make contracts and attend to their fortunes; have friends and enemies, pleasures and pains, are born, grow up, live and die, — but asleep!"
— Joubert.

FATHER PARDOW learned to know the world, but he neither loved nor feared it. He neither shrank from its contact, nor was he impressed, in the least degree, by its values. His amazement at the accepted futility of its standards never waned, yet he worked over the slumbering souls of the worldly with all the energy and intelligence he could bring to the monumental task. He was one of those rare characters who can be closely associated with worldly people without being touched, even remotely, by their atmosphere. He moved among them and remained as much himself as when he stood before the altar to say Mass.

Yet it must be admitted that of all the groups to whom Father Pardow gave retreats, the women of leisure were the least promising material. Here his optimistic faith in his fellow-beings seems to

have been put to a severe test. "It is a great lesson on how one must labor and labor for small results," he confided to his note-book. "A hundred per cent labor, and one per cent profit."

For his early efforts the conditions were unpropitious. The retreatants came to a convent at stated hours to listen to detached sermons, taking up the occupations of their ordinary life between times. Five o'clock tea was a powerful rival to the *Exercises*, and, even at best, no time was allowed for that essential feature of a retreat, the silent working of the individual spirit when alone.

A still more serious obstacle lay in the character of the retreatants themselves. The majority were unaccustomed to serious thought, indeed to sustained effort of any kind. The ignorance of a sincere and eager heart is one thing; the ignorance of a self-satisfied and self-sufficient one is another. The very quality, moreover, which enabled Father Pardow to receive so much from his audience, put him to a certain extent at the mercy of hearers who contributed nothing, who remained mentally inactive under the stimulus of his words. Antagonism he had learned to handle, but an inert mass was new. "There seemed to be no response," he wrote during one of those early retreats, "no echo back any more than from bales of cotton!" Under this dead weight he became almost violent; there must be some way of reaching these women and drawing forth a spark of response. Nor would a mere ruffling of the surface of their souls suffice for his purpose. Such as they were, they were

unconscious centres of influence; their failure to live up to Catholic standards not only tarnished their own souls, but poisoned the surrounding atmosphere. For a time, his experiments with this unpromising material met with comparative failure, but he was not to be turned aside from his purpose. "There are fine souls among them," he reminded himself; "I must never slacken in energy." Nor did he relax until at last he arrived at that complete knowledge of his audience, and that sureness of touch in dealing with it, which enabled him to speak the necessary home truths with a fire, yet with a sympathy and tenderness, that reached the heart of even the least humble of his hearers.

Meanwhile, during the experimental years, his notes reveal the struggle; and not only do they record the curious criticisms that his stirring words drew forth, but also his own characteristic way of accepting them.

At first his tendency was to lead his retreatants too fast. The ascetic ideal, placed so suddenly against the ideal of pleasure as the object of human existence, merely puzzled his hearers without enlightening them. That God should demand serious effort and sacrifice of one's own convenience seemed "so cruel." "I am amazed at this disposition," was Father Pardow's comment. "I must remember what a woman once said to me about not insisting on its being *hard* to save the soul, because they only say: 'Well, if it is so hard, I will not try!' I cannot understand this frame of mind; I forget

that all have not the training of a Jesuit!" And beneath another group of illuminating criticisms he wrote: "See what harm I do by my plain talk. I must never forget that others are young, and things are real to them which are now shadows for us."

Yet there must be some point he could penetrate in that crust of polite indifference, and one method after another was tried and found wanting. He remembered Saint Ignatius, who, while giving a retreat to Ortiz, relieved the strain of steady attention by dancing for him one of the peasant dances of the Basques, and restored the retreatant's mind to its normal equilibrium. Father Pardow, too, experimented with humor, but without the same happy results. "The afternoon lecture was not liked; it was too light," he was told. "You forget that we are in a serious mood and do not want to laugh." "Very true," was Father Pardow's comment; "it comes from my not knowing my audience."

He had a way of grouping the criticisms that they might either negative or reinforce each other. Had he been really as serious in that second instruction? The atmosphere had been so different. . . . "She meant the 'lighter vein,'" he wrote. Another remarked that if she took the trouble to come to a retreat she wished to make it seriously. "A revelation to me!" wrote the preacher. "I am deceived by the fact that I want absolute attention and can get it by a laugh."

He changed his tactics and tried to rouse them

from apathy by increased seriousness and vehemence. Once more the complaints poured in. "People look up to a priest," he was told. "If he shows *signs of anger*, they say: 'Ah, that is the flaw in his character!'" And to this he could only answer: "I suppose my manner is bitter. I confound vehemence with anger. I hear this on all sides. I must speak with tenderness, not with harshness."

In spite of the opposition he aroused among some of his hearers, he was obtaining far more than his one per cent profit from those souls who were prepared to receive his training. In personal talks and in the confessional he gauged the good effects of his words as well as the signs of failure. As though to keep up his own courage he wrote: "Sound and great effect on some. I must continue to count on God's longing for souls, now as ever." The smallest sign of awakening was encouragement to the preacher. He was "much pleased" to hear one lady say that women should make up their minds to do some serious work instead of frittering away their time; another, who had always supposed she could effect a compromise with the world in questions of doubtful remarks and dangerous affections, now understood that no such compromise was possible. His deduction from a number of experiences such as these was that he must insist upon the "sin of the world," and that his remark about "the world going astray on principle" was always telling.

Father Pardow made a clear distinction between

sinners "who sin through frailty," and the world "that sins on principle," and quoted Christ's antipathy to the spirit of the world as shown on the eve of His passion, when he prayed for sinners, "but not for the world." The temptations of the world, Father Pardow insisted, were far more subtle and more dangerous than those of the flesh.

Yet against the mere superficiality of this audience he felt his best efforts fall flat; that audience which, according to his own dry comment, "could speak for one minute on twenty subjects, but not for twenty minutes on one!" His conclusion at last was that if he was ever to reach their souls he must begin by teaching them to *think;* and it may truly be said of Father Pardow, as Napoleon said of Madame de Staël, that he "taught people to think to whom it would never otherwise have occurred to do so."

"With desolation is the whole world made desolate, because no man thinketh in his heart!" With what emphasis he gave out this theme of the opening meditation; with what ingenuity he sounded it again and again throughout the entire retreat. The Blessed Virgin was held up as the model for all women because, at the message of the angel, in spite of feeling troubled, she kept thinking. If the women before him could be taught to do a little thinking the battle would be won. A retreat, he explained, was not merely penance to atone for sin, a plaster to cover many wounds, but "*a probe.*" He could not meditate for them because he did not know their spiritual measure-

ments; he could only give them the cloth and they must cut it to fit themselves. He led them as a class of children, showing them how to make simple deductions and applications. Meanwhile his mind was busy over a plan for interesting Catholic women in a deeper study of their religion and in the affairs of the day as they affected the Church; a plan which, for a time, materialized successfully under his guidance in the Society of the Daughters of the Faith. "By all means let us have educated Catholic women," he wrote during one of those early retreats. "They will not then be in ecstasy before the first woman who speaks of evolution or theosophy, and say: 'Well, there is a good deal in it.' They will not then suppose that they can grasp a subject by methods such as 'French in Twelve Lessons,' or 'German without a Teacher!'"

Having found his clue, he followed it. From that time forth he no longer worked in the dark.

In Canada his retreats to women had met with instant success; indeed it was only in New York City that he met with opposition. Perhaps the prophet was less of a prophet in his native city, but something, also, must be discounted for the unfortunate conditions under which he worked. At Toronto, where the women lived at the convent for the *Exercises*, he wrote: "I was once more amazed at the effect of the retreat. They remembered everything, and recalled all the illustrations. Many were in doubt about religious vocations, and wanted four days more. . . . I was sorry I had not been more vehement; I felt discouraged, and

thought it a failure from the start." This disheartening sense of the futility of his words was the direct result of his New York experience, but his depression was never suspected by his hearers.

It was not until 1904 that he decided to give in New York a retreat for women under ideal conditions, and the Convent of the Sacred Heart at Manhattanville threw open its doors for the experiment. Hitherto the diversity of spiritual and intellectual calibre among the groups of women whom he had been forced to handle as a unit had been an element in his lack of success; a meditation which would fire one woman to a religious vocation would discourage or embitter her neighbor. The retreat in the spring of 1904 was to be confined to a more homogeneous group of women. Moreover, the retreatants were to live at the convent for four days, and thus make the spiritual exercises under the external conditions which their author considered essential to their success, — complete silence and freedom from outside cares. Furthermore, the mere effort required, the sacrifice of time and convenience, sifted the audience automatically.

Whether it was due in part to his own ripe experience, or wholly to the better conditions under which he worked, the fact remains that Father Pardow worked from that time on with complete success, if success may ever be called complete which deals with the undefined possibilities of the human soul. He repeated these retreats at Manhattanville every spring during his lifetime. Nearly

two hundred women followed them, taxing the convent to its full capacity. He gave similar retreats in various cities and to groups of women more and more carefully classified. At the Cenacle in New York he gave one for teachers, another for doctors and nurses, and for other professional and business women. His own constant surprise at the success of his efforts is evidence of the severity of his judgment in his own regard. Wherever he travelled during the last few years of his life he was met by bread returning upon the waters. He preached at a convent where he knew none of the inmates, only to be told by "many of the novices" that a retreat preached by him had been the beginning of their vocation, an experience which was not unusual, but which drew forth the invariable comment: "I was *so* surprised!"

He had a talent for explaining the deepest subjects in a manner intelligible to all. This he did, not by leaving out the difficulties, but by preparing the ground for them with illustrations that came within the ordinary experience of his hearers. It was not dry proof at which he aimed, but a deep and living realization, a firm conception which could be handled by an ordinary mind. He opened his retreats by clearing the ground of possible misapprehensions; the retreat was not to be a mere rousing, but a course of "exercises," of spiritual calisthenics: gymnastics of the mind and gymnastics of the will. The emotions might be left out altogether. On this foundation he built, concentrating his efforts less on creating an impres-

sion, a matter that was always easy, than on fixing his impressions on the somewhat volatile minds before him. His vivid object lessons were designed to train them in fighting their environment, to create a will which would remain firm when the vision was intermittent. This "rugged goodness" which could not only withstand obstacles from without, but remain focussed during those inevitable periods devoid both of exterior stimulus and interior light: this was what Father Pardow sought to establish among his retreatants.

His guidance was not restrictive in a narrow sense. They were not to withdraw themselves from the ordinary occupations of their state of life, nor appear different from other people by sharp exterior contrasts. They were to live within their own vocations, but with a fuller life. The Christian principles were no longer to lie fallow at the back of their mind, known, indeed, like some familiar refrain, but never fully realized. They were vitalized under Father Pardow's training, and turned into the motive power of every word and action in these women's lives. "He illumined the bad world in which I lived," said one of them, "and showed me what could be done with it. He made me see that the highest spirituality could grow in that environment."

To use the world, but to use it "as though they used it not," summed up in the words of St. Paul what he demanded of his retreatants. Must they give up created things? By no means; they must use created things to bring them to God. The

saint was the one who used creatures as far as they could be used. The sinner loved the creatures for their own sake; he allowed the gift to obscure the Giver. That was sin. It became mortal sin when he so loved the gift that he would be willing to *sacrifice* the Giver.

Marriage, the apostleship of motherhood, and the whole structure of family life he treated as matters of the highest seriousness, and never hesitated to speak plainly about their duties. The mother "was the priestess of the family circle, handling holy things in the souls of her children." Her work was a direct co-operation in the plan of the Creator, and to one of his penitents, a widow, he wrote: "Your children come first. All other claims disappear before theirs. The courage, at times, to cause the present pain in view of lasting future good is a grace that every mother needs and should pray very earnestly for."

In a general way, Father Pardow was inclined to believe that those men and women who had no vocation for the religious life, should marry. That any large class of people should pass through life without at least devoting themselves to some useful work, did not enter into his plan. It would have been hard for any of the souls he trained to continue long among the class which he called the "driftwood." As to the religious life, he spoke of it in glowing terms, but was wary of advising individuals to enter it. He tested and proved the aspirant lest she should act under excitement. But though careful at first, when once he was

convinced that an individual vocation was a true one, nothing must be allowed to stand in the way. The claims of father or mother disappeared before that closer claim of the Master who had said: "He that loveth father or mother more than Me is not worthy of Me."

As an illustration of Father Pardow's strong and simple handling of a familiar subject, one of his meditations on the Blessed Virgin is given. It is taken from the pages of a retreatant's note-book:

"We should try to realize God Almighty, not only as God, but as Man, and realize His interest in our own soul. That changes the spiritual life from mere duty to affection for a friend. Then we begin to understand that spirituality does not consist in mere devotion, but it becomes a life.

"The first example we have of a young life coming into contact with Our Lord is that of the Blessed Virgin. We are accustomed to think of her as one to whom we should pray, but do we think of her as one whom we should study?

"Holy Scripture does not fill in the details of her life — that is left for meditation — but it gives us the outline. She appears seven times, and every time she appears or speaks, some very great revelation takes place, or some wonderful miracle.

"She was only a little girl between fifteen and sixteen when her great vocation began, not with peace but with trouble. In spite of her trouble, she kept thinking, (in Latin *cogitabat*, which is thinking, not as a passing act, but as a habit). So the first passion that touches her is trouble, but

her first action is thought. Most people when they are troubled stop thinking, which shows a weak character; but to be troubled and keep thinking, and think correctly, shows a strong character indeed.

"The first 'Hail Mary' was said by God Almighty; the angel was merely the wire carrying the message. He chose, as God, a woman who was to be His mother, as Man. Those people, therefore, who dishonor the Blessed Virgin are criticising the choice of God. 'Full of grace' from the Lord meant more than any human praise could mean, because the Lord is what one might call a *Specialist in grace.* We cannot praise her too much; we have to reiterate because our praise is so weak; but 'God speaks once.'

"There is so much to learn from this scene in the life of the Blessed Virgin. First we see that in the midst of trouble, we are not to be guided by our feelings. She made no answer, but kept on thinking, and so the angel had to speak again, with more praise, giving the message. She had so much power but was so simple about it, which is true greatness.

"The entire world waits for the answer of that little girl, for the decision that saved the universe. Here are all the angels and patriarchs and prophets, waiting. The Lord does not force her; her choice is free. Then she answered: 'Behold the little servant of the Lord; be it done unto me according to thy word.' She was like one who signs a blank piece of paper: 'Fill it up' she seemed to say, 'with crosses and heavy sorrows; you need not ask

my consent — I have consented already.' That is the spirit of Our Father, taught us by the Blessed Mother before Christ. The angel had taught her that the Child should be a King, and the Most High, and that His Kingdom should have no end, — so she said in her own words: 'Thy Kingdom come' [Behold Thy little servant]; 'Thy will be done' [Be it done unto me according to Thy word].

"In a few months' time it became evident that she was to become a mother. It seemed to Saint Joseph a clear case of infidelity. She knew she would be put into the street and stoned to death, yet she said nothing. What a change from the angel's visit! 'His Kingdom!' She was to be put to death before He was born — and yet she said nothing. There is no example so great in the world's history. How hard it was to understand; she had given everything to the Lord; why did He not tell Saint Joseph? He did not tell him because He knew that Joseph was a just man, and would fight his battle for himself. Had He told him, there would have been no battle either for Saint Joseph or the Blessed Virgin. He was bringing out the great characters of these two people. The Church speaks of the Virgin most prudent; the Blessed Virgin's own silence, even to Saint Joseph, is a great example of this. Had she told the truth her evidence would not have been believed; no such case had ever existed; no such case has ever existed since. She could not unbosom herself to anyone, but had to fight her battle alone — the battle of silence. There was generosity, nobility, prudence,

all together. That was the greatest heroism that ever existed in the world. We are given her example at the foot of the Cross to imitate, but then she had been thirty years with Christ. This was Calvary before Calvary. The Lord put at the entrance to the Incarnation, the Woman of Sorrows even before the Man of Sorrows; the Bessed Mother bore the Cross first — the Valiant Woman of Nazareth!"

Chapter V

PENITENTS AND CONVERTS

"I have blotted out thy iniquities as a cloud, and thy sins as a mist."—Isaias xliv, 22.

A LONG line of penitents knelt before the confessional. In that line social distinctions had no meaning; servants took precedence of their mistresses; little children of gray-haired men, as each waited his turn to declare with the publican: "Lord, be merciful to me, a sinner!"

As agent, divinely appointed, Father Pardow performed his delicate task with a touch firm, yet tender. To love each soul as Christ had loved it, was for him a personal command. Hour after hour he sat in that little cell, listening to the tales of self-accusation that reached him through the grating, first from the right side, then from the left, each Friday and Saturday of the year; from three o'clock to six in the afternoon, and from seven to ten at night. Each of these countless human beings was personally diagnosed and treated; for Father Pardow prescribed, not for types, but for individuals. "Our Lord" he said, "never cured a whole crowd together. His mercy was personal."

There is perhaps no aspect of Catholic teaching

in more striking contrast to that of other religious bodies than her practical handling of sin. She does not vaguely assume that only very wicked people commit sins, while good people are free from contamination, indeed from the very breath of temptation. The Sacrament of Penance is an implicit admission that all men are sinners. The Church assumes that good and bad will be tempted; that he who stands must beware lest he fall, and that he who falls has a remedy at hand to enable him to rise quickly.

Moreover the Sacrament of Penance is a valuable school of self-knowledge, where each individual is trained to face himself sincerely, and attack with moral courage the sources of his own weakness under the advice of a specialist. The mere fact of admitting his guilt in words before another person impresses a penitent as could no amount of private recognition of weakness; and inevitably he loses conceit in his own strength when, week by week, the startling divergence between resolution and accomplishment forces itself upon his attention. On the other hand, upon a man who is really penitent the psychological effect of starting afresh — forgiven — with a clean slate, saves him from unnerving despondency. When to the psychological effect of believing this to be true, is added the actual effect of its being, in fact, no delusion: that the sinful soul is indeed made clean by the power of Him who healed the lepers, then the full force of the Sacrament of Penance will be evident, or rather, it can better be experienced than described.

Father Pardow trained to self-reliance the souls under his care. He directed them in a manner to fit them to direct themselves. "A person may be regulated by another," he said, "he can only be *moved* by himself." He made clear the principles of the spiritual life and left the detailed application to the penitent. After listening to a confession he gave at once the principle which included a basic cure for the specific failing; the truth he imparted was larger than the event which drew it forth.

While his ripe experience had given him keen insight into human nature, it was his familiarity with the Divine Nature that weighed in the last analysis, and which enabled him to guide souls so easily and strongly, with a power of sympathy that is given to few, and which, in his case, was a reflex of his habit of seeing God, literally and vividly, in every soul.

He sought to build on the possible good in each character rather than to eliminate the evil by direct attack. His serious sympathy gave the penitent courage to be absolutely frank in unfolding the innermost crevices of conscience. He made no direct criticism — in those rare cases where it was necessary, he did so with a very gentle touch — but he lifted up the soul, braced it, educated it, and sent the penitent away with his inner life straightened out by the application of sound principles.

As a young priest, Father Pardow had found it hard to allow for weakness of will, and when peni-

tents came to him, week after week, with the same sins, he asked with a certain wonder: "Did you not confess that last week?" thus intimating that the contrition could not have been deep. "Remember" he said, "that if there is no real sorrow for sin the confession has no more effect than when in photography there is no sensitized plate." As he grew older, he lost none of his early candor, but his words left no rancor. He learned to be patient with weakness to such a degree that some of his penitents complained that he was not severe enough, to which he would reply: "I was so afraid of discouraging you."

Intuitively he knew when to comfort and when to brace. A convert who later entered the religious life, writes of him: "In the early stages, when it seemed to me that any advance in the spiritual life must be made by tremendous plunges, Father Pardow guided me — not by telling me I should not plunge — a policy which often makes beginners feel that they are not understood — but by deftly directing the energy into other channels where the pull could be steady instead of fitful. Thus he helped me to escape the inevitable reaction which follows upon a vehement effort to do by nature what grace only can do. He managed to turn my thought from self to God, from discouragement to hope, quite simply and naturally, because it was his own life he was expressing.

"He had an unfailing instinct for the moment when a soul could endure a little stronger treatment. I remember the first time he told me of a

deep-seated fault, the root of many others, the existence of which was quite unsuspected by me. . . . I was preparing to take a very serious step, and went to Father Pardow, knowing I should get help. I got it in a way I little expected. He saw that an advance should be made and pointed out what stood in the way. He told me with wonderful kindness but no preamble, in such a way that I could rise to his own high, impersonal attitude, and look at the thing as he did — calmly, without the excitement we sometimes feel when self-love is too directly attacked. . . . He had responded to the desire which he knew to be deep in every human soul, and especially those seeking God, — the desire for truth.

"He viewed life simply. On the one hand were the things that lead to God; on the other, those that hinder. To take the first, to leave the second: that was the straight path, a path he had followed so faithfully himself that he believed others could do so too. In nine cases out of ten, his faith in us found us ready to try."

Nor was his successful direction of souls confined to people in the world. The superior of an Order of contemplative nuns writes that "Since 1887 his judgment was the only one I relied upon, because he waited until he got light from our Lord before giving a decision." To this quality, rather than to any peculiar aptitude for directing contemplatives, may be attributed his success.

"His influence among religious was tremendous," wrote a member of his own Order. "I have met

sisters in all parts of our province who told me that he began their 'converted life.' At times it was his instructions that told; again it was a few words of tender interest in a soul that felt forlorn; again it was his inexorable and indomitable will that worked and worked until it bent the will of the one who was stiffening hers against God's grace."

Though all those who came under Father Pardow's influence were made to realize that prayer was "one of the elementary forces in the Kingdom of God," it was especially his penitents in contemplative orders who were made to feel the duty that was theirs, to store up this power of prayer and turn it upon a world that had forgotten its need. Like the human heart, the contemplative orders were hidden far out of sight, yet were the powerhouse of the whole body. Prayer was the wireless telegraphy that went straight to the ears of God at any hour of the day or night. Like electricity, the effects were visible, the causes were not always so.

He taught Saint Ignatius' method of prayer; his own long struggle with aridity made him warn his penitents to prepare for sustained effort. He trained them to meditate, to use their mind and to use their will. Not that he questioned the value of the higher forms of prayer, indeed he led souls almost unconsciously toward a simple and intimate contact with God, but he knew that the other method was within the reach of all, and was effective in correcting faults and forming virtues. In this regard he was exacting both for himself and

others, and looked with suspicion on any prayer that failed to ring true under that test.

Yet even in meditation he emphasized the use of the will rather than that of the mind. "We think," he said, "and fancy that thinking will make us holy. We cannot add an inch to our spiritual stature by thinking. For thought to become meditation, it must lead up to speech with our Lord. To talk oneself out to God — that is prayer."

Father Pardow helped so many outsiders into the Church that he might well be called the apostle to non-Catholics. Not only were his converts numerous, but they were solidly founded in the faith.

He had had a few bitter experiences which he had used to good purpose. Neophytes had come to him for instruction and, while still under the glamour of his eloquence, had been received into the Church. Some of them were of the type who drift from one religious experiment to another, plucking flowers rather than seeking roots. Finding daily routine less stirring than Father Pardow's instructions, they passed to another experiment. Father Pardow blamed himself bitterly, nor did he need many lessons of the sort. He learned to distrust enthusiasm as a motive power, and made his converts wait and study. "Converts," he said, "who enter on emotion are like a man swimming with a life preserver, artificially inflated. When it bursts, he sinks!"

When a questioner presented himself, the first

thing Father Pardow did was to make him think. This was usually the cause of friction rather than sympathy. He next insisted upon following up a line of reasoning to its logical conclusion: granting the premises of Protestantism, where did they lead? This was the cause of more friction, and the neophyte often left the first interview indignant. In spite of this effect of his words, Father Pardow continued to face the difficulties squarely, indeed he almost forced them to the front and met them in his frank, direct way. "Our Lord did not minimize," he used to say: "He let the people go rather than adapt his doctrine to their taste." Moreover, he had discovered by experience that the neophyte was usually interested and, in spite of his resentment, came again. He was then established on a firm basis. When a convert entered the Church trained by Father Pardow he knew what to expect; moreover, he had been forced to think and not merely to accept things on Father Pardow's own affirmation.

One of his converts contributes these impressions of Father Pardow:

"He created a certain antagonism among those who did not agree with him, especially among those who did not *wish* to agree. He almost forced their will by the clearness of his presentation of the facts. There was no dark corner left to take refuge in, no respectable loophole of escape. One must agree, or face the illogicality of one's position.

"I can remember how I felt, as he sat — having put the proofs of the Catholic religion before me

— gentle, but expectant. What he was thinking was as clear as though he had said: 'If these things are not true, *why* are they not? and if they *are* true, of course you will act upon them.' I felt a sort of rage against him — for I had no idea of doing either one thing or the other.

"I professed to be a rationalist, but it had never occurred to me that religion was a thing to be reasoned about. Religion was an experience, perhaps only a sentiment, at best an inner conviction; — and to see Father Pardow so calmly assuming that, having proved his case, there was no choice left me but to agree with him or disprove his conclusions, was, to say the least, irritating. After all, this arguing was but a game of skill, and were I able to provide an antagonist equally agile to cross swords with this trained controversialist, the result might be very different. But what had all this to do with religion? Religion was something different, something wholly interior.

"And still he sat with that gentle attitude of grave expectancy. Then he broke the silence, much to my relief, by offering to show me the church.

"It must have been a First Friday, for the Blessed Sacrament was exposed. Father Pardow made a genuflection and knelt down in one of the pews at the back of the church; my Catholic friend knelt in another; I placed myself in a third. I knew that the others were praying for me, but the thought only added to my irritation. I looked at the altar with a certain curiosity, remembering What —

according to the faith of Catholics — was in that monstrance, and the thought passed through my mind: 'If the Divinity were really present in that form, would it not be easy for Him to make me understand that these things are true, and that I should believe them?' The others were still praying. In a single instant a flood of light seemed to pour into my mind. It was like a serene sunrise. I saw every detail of the picture, realized the whole great plan, and how natural, how inevitable it was. I was amazed at the experience, and, understanding nothing about grace, distrusted it. I thought it must be an emotional impression, although I seemed never before to have felt so utterly calm. I was not excited, but serene with a sort of inner sunshine flooding my whole mind with light. Let those who have experienced the dawn of faith describe it.

"The whole thing lasted but a minute or two. As we came out of the church — the miracle having taken place in my soul — we stopped to look at the baptismal font. To my amazement, as though reading my thoughts, Father Pardow said: "Shall we baptize you here some day?" I was astonished. How could he know what had happened to me? Our mutual status, when we entered the church, had been that he had fired off all his ammunition, and I was still untouched. But since that time, he had felled me with a weapon whose power I had yet to discover."

It was true that, as Father Pardow grew older, he counted more on the power of prayer and less

upon mere argument. In 1894 he wrote: "I am not sure that any converts are made by controversy. Prayer is better." Ten years later the doubts had become a certainty. "Arguments seldom make converts," he wrote. "Prayer is what is needed. Argument comes often from pride; prayer is humility." He did not abandon argument, however; the obstacles to faith must be eliminated; but faith itself was something not negative, like the mere removal of difficulties; it was positive, and he depended on prayer for the gift of faith.

His converts were of every class and every degree of mental equipment. He took precisely the same interest in instructing the "little ones" as the great, the unintelligent as those who might reasonably be expected to do great things for God. Nor did he abandon his converts after they had entered the Church, but trained them in the spiritual life, upheld them with his advice, educated them, and usually set them to work. He managed to infuse into them some of his own valiant spirit, so that the many obstacles, and even the heavy crosses that beset the path of most converts, appeared to them a high honor, to be met joyfully — a payment all too slight for the great gift that had been theirs.

BOOK IV

"MOBILIS ET STABILIS"

Chapter I

INSTRUCTOR OF TERTIANS

IT was as instructor of tertians that Father Pardow exercised the most direct influence upon the members of his own Order. Twice he was given this delicate task; the first time from 1888 to 1890 at Frederick, Maryland; the second time from 1904 to 1906 at Saint Andrew-on-Hudson, near Poughkeepsie.

When he was first appointed instructor of tertians, he was a comparatively young man, having seen only seven years of active service in the Society. For four years, however, he had been socius, and as his duties had included frequent visits to the various houses of the province, he had gained an intimate knowledge of conditions, and an insight into the needs of the Order. This was in his favor. Moreover, he had preached a number of retreats to scholastics in which his high ideal of the Jesuit vocation, his power of stimulating direct and zealous souls, and his use of the *Exercises* "with a connection never seen before," had made a deep impression, and may well have led to his being named tertian-master at the age of forty-one.

On the other hand, his youth put him at a dis-

advantage. He was conscious of the fact that the men he was to direct were practically his contemporaries, and, while he brought to the task, to quote a colleague, "zeal, eloquence and intelligence," he lacked "that wide experience of men which administrative positions later supplied him with, and that practical knowledge of government which holiness of life and study of Constitutions do not always confer."

In 1888 Father Pardow succeeded in giving the tertian fathers a powerful impetus along the lines of their vocation, but at the expense of some friction. In 1904, his mature effort showed the same power, but the friction was practically eliminated.

When he reached Frederick in the month of September, he threw himself with enthusiasm into his new work. Here, he felt, he need not fear to set too fast a pace. He poured out the ideals of the Society as he saw them, and the height to which each Jesuit should aspire, with all the eagerness which he himself felt, with all the detached, impersonal ardor which could not allow for the recoil of wounded self-love.

Only gradually did it dawn upon him that even in this rarified atmosphere, meat must be tempered to babes. His words discouraged some; the ideal seemed unattainable. His written record shows how hard he tried to analyze the trouble: "One told me, weeping, that the effect of my words on him had always been depressing. I seem to have no sympathy,— am like cold steel." Father Par-

dow tried to find out the definite things that discouraged these men. It seemed to be his direct criticism [though not personal] of those who did not strive for the highest ideals, "the effect being," he was told, "that if so few do right, *I* can hardly hope to be one of those few." A great many tertians gave him the benefit of their advice. "You should explain high doctrine," said one of them, "but do not criticize our failure to reach it." — "One very good tertian said that he always feels opposition and antagonism at such criticism."

If Father Pardow's training of the tertians was rigorous, his own training at their hands was hardly less so. St. Francis of Sales tells us that a desire for the criticism of other people is a sure sign of perfection: if this be true, Father Pardow must have made rapid strides toward the goal during those two years at Frederick. "One did not feel strained in one's intercourse with him," said one of his students, and indeed, the severe criticisms which they all felt at liberty to make are the best evidence of the fact. Father Pardow succeeded in making them feel that their remarks were not resented; he even wrote down their opinions that he might learn his faults.

The very asceticism of his face and bearing alienated a few. "It is not so much what you say, as your very severe manner," he was told. "If you would show more love, the lessons would go down. You give us the naked law, sword in hand." Father Pardow kept reminding himself of Father Perron's talent for conveying a tender interest in

the students; why was it so hard for him to show the same sympathy and kindness? He reproached himself with being "haughty": "In my apologia," he wrote, "I showed that I did not believe in my faults, i.e., that I did not believe I was too severe, as I attacked those who said I was. One said, 'How true it is that very few people take correction!'" The speaker would have been astonished had he known the spirit in which Father Pardow was taking, even then, the correction of his students.

Many of the criticisms showed forth the weakness of the men who made them to such a point that Father Pardow might well have put them aside as captious and given them no further thought. The very fact that he did not do so explains the secret of his influence; the souls of the weak were infinitely precious in his eyes; they inspired no contempt, and he saw in their weakness only the necessity of meeting it adequately by adapting himself; of being, like Saint Paul, all things to all men that he might win all. "I am far too sweeping in my depressing assertions," he concluded.

Perhaps had he been in better health and possessed more natural bonhomie, his concentrated doses of the spiritual life might have been better received. As it was, his manner, his very appearance, made him seem remote. He worked hard over the preparation of his lectures, so hard, indeed, that during the second year he decided that this absorption prejudiced his relation to the tertians. "I give too long a time to preparing my exhortations," he wrote, "it absorbs too much." He was further

handicapped by severe headaches, and the constant struggle not to give in to them added to his appearance of austerity. There were days when he was in torture; so much so that, according to his own admission, "I was incapable of raising my voice enough to say: 'Come in,' when one of the tertian fathers knocked at the door, although I could just manage to sit at my desk." His critics did not realize the cause of his quiet manner. "You are not human enough," he was told; "you are laughing now, but sometimes it is like coming into a tomb to come into your room." But though few at first suspected that his bad health was to blame, a rumor got abroad later, — exaggerated, as are most such rumors, — that Father Pardow suffered from an advanced case of heart disease, and could not live more than a few years.

If Father Pardow began those two years with comparative failure, it is characteristic of him that he ended them with success. Perhaps had he been less harshly treated; had he been flattered and pampered and petted, a man of his positive, clear-cut mind might have grown rigid and opinionated. It was the very opposition that mellowed him; which gave him, in time, his rich fund of sympathy, his deep understanding of the human heart, his patience with every degree of weakness and suffering. Had he been less disliked, he might never have been so dearly loved. "Few of those who made their tertianship under him, however affected they may have been toward him in the beginning, but liked him at the close," wrote one of their

number. "In his personal dealings with his tertians he showed a genial humility, and was a kind and prudent confessor. In his exhortations his earnestness and zeal led him at times to confound counsels of perfection with the obligations of a state of life, . . . yet none so ready as he to acknowledge cheerfully his mistake when it was pointed out to him." [1]

In choosing among candidates for the Society, Ignatius attached less importance to a man's natural talents than to the determination he showed in overcoming his natural defects. There could hardly have been a more striking example of this true stamp of the Jesuit vocation than Father Pardow's struggle during those early years. It was due, no doubt, to his minute self-criticism that the year 1889 showed comparatively little friction, if we may judge from the written record. He had learned wisdom from experience, — that fine, rare quality which was the secret of his constant growth.

From the time of the Great Retreat he seems to have been better understood by his tertians. The two qualities in him that impressed them most were his intimate love of Our Lord and his practical use of Scripture. "Christ walked in our midst!" exclaimed one of their number after the retreat.

[1] The majority of Father Pardow's tertians, even at this early date, were conscious of no such confusion as the writer suggests, nor did they feel any effort on his part to dragoon them, as it were, along the lines of religious perfection. The impression was rather that of a fatherly interest in their souls which, while making the distinction clear between strict obligation and the counsels of perfection, led them with the enthusiasm of love toward a generous abnegation in the service of Christ.

"The realization of Christ *as a person*, and His personal love — this will last forever!" Evidently Father Pardow could convey a sense of Christ's love, even if, to some of them, he had failed to convey his own.

His use of the Bible was both original and effective: "In exposing a scriptural narrative, it was not the material imagery of place or deeds or persons that held you. These, he made you feel, were the shadows of a spiritual reality. His power lay, not in presenting a picture to the mind, but in raising an emotion in the heart." This is the impression of one of his tertians of 1888.

He was appointed rector of St. Francis Xavier's College in New York in the month of July, 1891, and was the first graduate of the college to become its rector. From this position he was made provincial, and it was not until some years after he had ceased to fill this office that he was once more appointed tertian-master. In 1904 he took up the difficult task, equipped for it by fourteen intervening years of mature and mellow experience. The scene of the third year of probation had been permanently transferred from Frederick, Maryland, to Saint Andrew-on-Hudson. Here, from a high bluff, a few miles north of Poughkeepsie, the large brick building overlooks the river from among the fine old woods that surround the house.

To attempt to give an account of Father Pardow's training of the tertian fathers would be beyond the scope of this volume. The material is so vast

that only a few significant features have been selected to suggest the general lines of his vigorous teaching. Moreover, no printed page can convey the flexibility of his handling, the vividness and sense of reality that he put into his words, and without which we have at best a photographic reproduction of figures that lived and moved under his creative touch.

Father Pardow's whole view of the Jesuit vocation was based on what was, to him, a truism: that in generosity, not in mere keeping within the letter of strict necessity, lay the secret of the true Jesuit spirit. It was "ad *majorem* Dei gloriam" on which he insisted, and which ran like an undercurrent through all his teaching. That a thing should be to the glory of God was not enough; if anything else were more to His glory it was binding on the Jesuit. It was this spirit which fired many of his students to extreme generosity in God's service, but which to others seemed merely a tendency to exaggerate. "Terrible fate for a Jesuit!" wrote Father Pardow, "that the world should cease to hate him! That it should see so little difference between a Companion of Jesus and itself that it should find no reason for hatred."

For his Company, Ignatius never wanted crowds, and in this Father Pardow followed him. Better for the purpose were five thousand ideal Jesuits, who had made the spirit of the Order fully their own, than twelve thousand who had absorbed it half-heartedly. "If Saint Ignatius had required only average men," he said, "the seventeen years of

special training are a great waste of time. Men of great soul are required, men of determined will. The moment Saint Ignatius came to a question of the will, his care was extraordinary. It was as though he had said: 'Put all the obstacles you can in the way of a candidate, and if you cannot keep him out, admit him!'"

Where there were two possible interpretations to a passage in the Constitution, Father Pardow leaned to what might be called the extreme view. Ignatius, for instance, made use of the phrase "in so far as it is possible" in regard to keeping the Rules; Father Pardow interpreted this phrase, not as allowing leeway for a slight easing-up, but as intending the fullest possible impetus of which each Jesuit was capable.

"The Constitution is written with a wide margin," he observes in this connection, — "Does that mean that we are free to do anything and everything? No indeed. There must be great care lest the things that are written in the margin be out of harmony with the text. That is where our particular spirit comes in. '*Ad Majorem Dei Gloriam*' is the test. Once we know a thing to be for the Greater Glory of God, we embrace it at once; the moment the will of God appears, our will rushes in that direction." "Our spirit is *seek! strain every nerve!*" he exclaims in another place. "It is not a minimizing spirit, but '*Mobilis et Stabilis.*'[1] The two seem incompatible, contradictory, yet they are so true and so applicable to our Society. *Sta-*

[1] Book of Wisdom, VII, 22–23.

bilis — the principle; *mobilis* — the application. We are *mobilis* — not attached, ready to move wherever the glory of God appears; *stabilis* — not variable or fickle, but steadfast, with a solid spirit, ready for any work, glad to pour our energy into work not of our own choosing. Storms and difficulties should not take us by surprise; we are made to live in storms."

Of obedience he writes with admirable common sense: "The Jesuit sees God in all those who have a right to command him. True, the command may be unpleasant, the reason why it is imposed not evident and not suggested by the superior. If the interior life of the subject has been weakened, he will murmur, or at least rebel interiorly. The really spiritual man will at once gravitate to God, — and although there may be a struggle, we are sure beforehand on which side the victory will be. A man with an exterior resemblance to a Jesuit will think he needs something in the way of clothing or occupation, and will rush and ask for it, saying to himself: 'At worst I can only be refused.' The true Jesuit questions himself first: 'Should I ask, or should I not?' Then he betakes himself to prayer, remaining, both before and after, most indifferent. We sometimes fancy this applies only to great things; it applies to all the events of life." Returning to his subject, he explains his meaning thus: "Our life is sovereignly logical. If I believe that the superior is the interpreter of God's will in my regard, I will not go to him to suggest the interpretation that I trust he will give the Divine

will so as to please me. If I do not believe that the superior is the interpreter of the Divine will in my regard, then I should not be here; I am a limb out of joint."

But the dominating theme of Father Pardow's message, brought out with reiterated insistence, was the importance of the *Exercises* of Saint Ignatius, "translated fully into a *life*." They were "the storage battery" of the Jesuit spirit. The great danger in his eyes was that a weakening of the interior man might be brought about through constant exterior occupations, and he points to the remedy: "We cannot give up the works," he writes, "it would be a sin to do so, for they are our vocation. But multiplicity of works is not a necessary obstacle to the interior life. All must be done in an interior spirit. The first Jesuits were overwhelmed with work, yet were most spiritual men. The secret which enabled them to be spiritual men in the midst of pressing occupations was that they had grasped the spirit of the *Exercises* of Saint Ignatius." "How," he asks, "were they to make their daily actions occasions of intensifying their spiritual life?" and answers conclusively, "Through action and election — through action and suffering." "Every free action of life is an election or a choice," he explains, "and therefore choice, based on a habitual motive of the imitation of Christ (not on mere impulse, passion, or natural likes and dislikes) will be the leading trait in the Jesuit character if he has the spirit of the *Exercises*. The Jesuit who says: 'There is no harm in that; there-

fore I will do it,' is not a man of the *Exercises*, — he is not a spiritual man. His motive should be the *will of God*."

It was thus that both in retreat and in the course of daily life Father Pardow kept focussing attention on the detailed application of the *Exercises*. It was from this "storage battery" that he developed the spirit of prayer, for it was not, he maintained, "the Jesuit who had read the most, but the Jesuit who had prayed the most" who wielded the greatest influence both in the Company and outside. He was always trying to lead insensibly from a motive of dry loyalty to one of generous love: "We are not prisoners forced by a task-master," he urged; "we are children of the Heavenly Father, working through love." He speaks in one place of "the chivalrous example of Saint Ignatius, the spirit of high-souled generosity breathed by him into the *Exercises* and acting, through them, on all who offer themselves to their bracing influence." And in another, he explains that, "However trifling and obscure the service may be which the individual is called upon to perform for his heavenly Lord, the *Exercises* train him to render it for the highest motive of personal love and devotion. The spirit is always that of a soldier fighting for a noble cause by the side of a Person whom he loves. The Society gives us the power, nay special grace, to be *soldiers with Christ*, the honor of toiling with him — shoulder to shoulder — suffering with Him on the battlefield — sharing the Cross. This valiant spirit must come from the interior — the power-house from

which force must come to be 'strengthened with might.' How are we to obtain it?" he asks. "Saint Paul gives the answer: '*Christus habitans per fidem in cordibus vestris.*' Saint Ignatius does not show us the Cross until he has shown us Christ."

Father Pardow believed and taught that the Divine guidance reached the Jesuit through the faithful observance of his Rules. The more completely he put himself under their influence, the stronger was the current of Jesuit life received, the stronger the current he was able to transmit to others.

"The Commandments of God restrain," he said. "So do our Rules; they restrain one kind of life in order to develop another. There is only one way to secure true Jesuit life: 'Keep My commandments and thou shalt live' — even in this life thou shalt live."

How characteristic is Father Pardow's conclusion: "Then," he observes, "the question is no longer: Do I toil in laborious work and teaching? but: Do I keep my Rules in laborious toiling? Am I *living?* The transfer of life to immortal souls often depends on the intensity of life in us — the intensity of our care in keeping the Rules. We come in contact with souls like wires that are not alive unless we ourselves are connected with the source of life and grace."

He pointed out that Ignatius did not make the Rules binding under pain of sin, but this was not that there should be less observance, but that the observance should spring from a higher motive. In his own words, that "in lieu of the fear of offense

of God there succeed the love and desire of all perfection." "There is not one of us who does not value the Rules," he added, "but in the hurry of a busy life they are brushed aside. God, in inspiring the Rules, foresaw all the difficulties, and He meant them to be kept. Therefore, if you do not succeed in keeping them, use a stronger ligature. The only ligature which will hold in all cases is the one that springs from the heart."

Of poverty, Father Pardow taught that it was not enough to be poor up to a certain point, "but poor as the Jesuit is poor; dependent, detached, with suffering. Then *push it into the will!* We must *love* poverty." He carried this spirit into each of the obligations of the Jesuit vocation, pointing out how they can be vivified by looking upon their observance, not as a sad necessity, but as something to *love*. His words were no empty theorizing. He stood before them as one who knew that of which he spoke. The Jesuit vows were not only something to love, but something which he himself loved, and this quality was contagious. He carried many by the force of his own impetus.

In training the young men to give retreats to others, he urged them to use the *Exercises*, and to teach their retreatants how to meditate. "Convince them," he said, "that it is not a lost science," and added this advice: "Be lively and earnest, as though they knew nothing. It is very hard, because it seems bombastic to say such simple things so earnestly; but be convinced that they are *new to them*." This last was the fruit of his ripe experience.

For themselves, he urged them to regulate the details of their life; to avoid the habit of saying the Breviary at odd moments, or of hurrying at Mass; he recommended them not to use a multiplicity of books but to study the Bible, and fully penetrate and realize the *Book of the Exercise.* The *Exercises* had been his own life-study, and had formed his spiritual character. In his use of them in retreats the most striking feature, technically, was the complete sense of organic unity he conveyed. One of his tertians of the year 1904–05, mentions this quality: "He understood and brought out better than anyone else, the inter-relation of thought with thought, and kept up the connected flow of the ideas in their mutual relation. Nothing was out of place; nothing stood alone. Each meditation was a stone upon stone in the upbuilding of the spiritual life," and the same writer adds: "Whether they liked him or not, almost all his tertians afterwards made use of his material."

It was in his Great Retreat that he always made his deepest impression. As instructor of canon law and moral theology he was somewhat less satisfactory; the work demanded a mind more deliberately analytic than Father Pardow's. Yet even here, as one of them said, "he was a good teacher, and made us study by asking us questions upon the matter assigned."

"His personal direction," writes the same tertian, "was kind, broad and individual. There was no fixed groove into which each one must be forced. He was trustful and considerate, but unyielding."

Chapter II

SUPERIOR

"Prudence is the virtue of him who commands; not of him who obeys."
—Saint Ignatius.

I HAVE never in my life undertaken any work that I did not at first dislike, and later learn to love," said Father Pardow. Perhaps his work as superior may have been the single exception, for though he carried it through with ability, he never settled comfortably into the governmental traces. Toward the middle of his term as provincial he was still able to say, — "I am praying, and getting all my friends to pray me out of office," not because of the hard work, for he was accustomed to work, but because, as he went on to explain, "the responsibility of souls is so great."

Of the system of government of the Company of Jesus, no less an authority than Cardinal Richelieu remarked, that every ruler would do well to make a close study of its provisions, for, as he said: — "*Avec des principles si sure, des vues si bien dirigées, on gouvernerait un empire égal au monde!*" This is not the place to enter into a detailed study of this system, but a brief outline of the Society may not be amiss.

The members of the Company of Jesus are of four grades: (1) The *Temporal Coadjutors*, known as lay brothers, whose duties are confined to helping the Society in domestic matters; they are the door-keepers, the cooks, etc. They are not priests, nor do they receive the scholastic training of the other grades, but when they have been in the Society for ten years and are approved, they are allowed to take their final vows.

(2) The *Scholastics*, who are following the course of study prescribed by the Society for all its members except the temporal coadjutors. After they have finished their courses of literature and philosophy, they are employed in teaching in the Society's schools for boys. As a rule the scholastics have not yet been ordained, but are preparing to be.

(3) The *Spiritual Coadjutors* are ordained priests. They assist in the duties of the sacred ministry and are eligible for all posts of authority except a very few; indeed they are frequently chosen to fill certain offices of a business character, such as the rectorship of a college, in preference to the professed fathers, so as to leave the latter more liberty for preaching and other special work. They do not take their final vows until they are thirty years old and have been at least ten years in the Society.

(4) The *Professed Members* form, in a special and restricted sense, the Company of Jesus. From their number is drawn the General of the Order, his assistants, and the various provincials. In

addition to the ordinary vows of religion, — poverty, chastity and obedience, — the professed member takes a fourth vow which binds him "to go wherever the Pope should please to send me, whether among the faithful or the heathen, without offering excuse or asking money for the journey, and without — directly or indirectly — seeking to persuade the Pope on the subject of the mission."

There is an exceptional class known as the *Professed of the Three Vows*, but the title is an honorary one bestowed in recognition of signal service upon members who would otherwise belong to the class of spiritual coadjutors. They are admitted to the rank, but not to all the special employments of the *Professed of the Four Vows.*

Having taken the simple vows at the end of his novitiate, the individual is bound to the Order, and only the General can relieve him of his vows. The Order is not bound to the individual until after he has taken his solemn vows, after which the consent of the Pope, as well as of the General, is required to dispense him.

Ignatius made use of all grades of ability provided the two qualities were present which, to his mind, were essential: singleness of purpose and a strong, determined will. To these he attached more importance than to natural talents or brilliancy of intellect. Thus a man who, after years of training, still lacked the qualities required for the highest positions in the Company could be admitted on practically the same footing as the others, except in so far as he would not be called

upon to perform functions for which he was by nature unfitted.

This, in brief, is the personnel of the Company of Jesus. Its system of government is an admirable example of centralized authority balanced by every possible safeguard against abuse of power.

Supreme authority is vested in the General. He alone can name provincials, superiors of professed houses, rectors of colleges and novitiates, — in a word, all the local officers of importance. His headquarters is at Rome, and he is elected for life at a special Congregation called for the purpose which is made up of delegates elected to represent them by each province of the Company throughout the world. The same Congregation elects a companion to the General whose duty it is to warn the latter of any bad effects which, in his judgment, would result from the policy he is pursuing. The Congregation also elects a number of assistants to the General, each of whom represents a nation and transacts the business of that nation under the direction of the General. These assistants not only fill the position of national agents, but they overlook the General himself. Should they find in his conduct anything indiscreet or censurable, they are bound to tell him so. In cases of great urgency they have power to summon a Congregation of the whole Order on their own initiative and without the consent of the General; they can even depose the General after reporting to the various provincials and obtaining the consent of the majority.

Thus the absolute obedience demanded of the members of the Company is safeguarded against tyrannical oppression on the part of those in command.

The office of provincial is, on a smaller scale, a replica of the General's curia. Each provincial has his companion who is also his admonitor, and four consultors. Both provincial and consultors send frequent reports to the General independently of one another. The provincial sends, in addition, a general annual report.

Once every three years a provincial congregation composed of the provincial, the rectors of colleges and the senior professed fathers of the province meets and prepares a catalogue with the name of each member, his age, and a brief indication of his qualifications. It is carried to Rome by a deputy elected in the congress itself. Before appointing a member of the Company to an official position, however, the General secures more detailed information upon which to base his choice, not only from the provincials and their consultors but also from several other members of a province. Thus the dangers that centralization usually involves are almost eliminated.

This digression will serve to throw light on the nature of the various official positions held by Father Pardow.

His work as a priest has been so identified with preaching, and his own thoughts were so centred on this particular channel of zeal, that it would surprise many people to think of him as an able

teacher or confessor, still more, as a superior concerned with executive functions of an absorbing nature. Yet, as a matter of fact, the greater part of his life as a priest was spent in offices of this character, all of them important and laborious. In the two years that he served as rector of the College of St. Francis Xavier in New York, he proved himself an extremely capable administrator. His previous intimacy with every detail of the college had been unusual, having himself been a student in practically every department, while later, as a Jesuit, he had been professor both in the grammar school and the college, as well as prefect of studies and vice-president.

Under his government, which was considered a strict one, the entire standard of studies was raised, and a monthly class standard required from each student, with the immediate result that at the end of the first month, eight boys were dismissed, at the end of the second, six more were dismissed and twelve dropped to lower classes, while at the end of the third, eight were dismissed and six dropped. This was the policy of his whole administration. His tendency was ever to prefer quality to quantity, and to maintain the high reputation of the college was a consideration that far outweighed any personal feeling or any diminution in the number of students. Actually, no such diminution resulted; indeed the total number of students in the college showed a marked increase during the two years of his administration. While exacting with the students, he was dispassionate and just,

and each boy knew that the rector would be ready to listen to a legitimate excuse. Yet, though he was admired and respected by the boys, he was not generally popular among them. Indeed, the very nature of his position prevented it. But, "outside of that official position," writes an old student, "he was a genial companion and an ever loyal friend."

He never failed so to systematize his work that there might be time left for frequent sermons, triduums, and even retreats; nor could anyone complain that the ordinary duties of his office were neglected or put off. They were attended to promptly and satisfactorily, usually in about two hours in the early morning; for during his whole life he had trained himself to a concentration that enabled him to discharge a mass of business with great rapidity. Moreover, he knew how to throw responsibility on his subordinates in matters which could safely be left in their hands, which was the talent of the modern business man asserting itself. This good system of organization left him time, not only for preaching, but for a great amount of serious reading as well. His reputation as a preacher was then at its height, and the demands upon his time were enough to break down the health of most men, but he had acquired a wiry endurance, which carried him through an astonishing amount of work, and he preached, scarcely ever declining an invitation, giving retreats, not only in New York but all through the eastern part of the United States.

An almost boyish enthusiasm for the Order made

him seize every opportunity to make it better known. It is rather amusing, however, to think of Father Pardow, with his ascetic appearance, organizing and personally conducting a party of fifty boys to the World's Fair at Chicago, there to produce a Latin play as part of the Education Exhibit. Yet the incongruity is only superficial. The Company of Jesus had always considered dramatic performances a very valuable form of training, both as giving the students a taste for dramatic poetry, and as lifting certain ideals out of the region of cold abstraction, of mere intellectual assent, into the sense of reality that action conveys. At the time of the World's Fair, secular educators of the advanced school were just beginning to discuss the psychological value of dramatization as part of the education of the young, and Father Pardow was quick to seize the advantage of the moment. The play, "The Captives" by Plautus, created much favorable comment, and the whole incident shows Father Pardow in a characteristic light, quick to make the most of opportunity, even though it meant stepping from the beaten track, and ready, both in season, and perhaps occasionally out of it, to display his wares to the best advantage, quite unhampered by fear of appearing ridiculous.

While Father Pardow was rector a number of changes were made in the college building, and the construction of the grammar school on East 15th Street was undertaken, although he was opposed in general to changes and unnecessary

building. Indeed, as an administrator, Father Pardow, was careful to an extreme; the slightest extravagance was, in his eyes, directly opposed to the spirit of poverty. "Love of poverty, not mere resignation, nor even love of it in the abstract, but love of the concrete discomforts which it entails, the actual daily deprivations," was his theme in urging it upon the younger members of the Order. Economy is probably the least popular form in which love of poverty can reveal itself, and this was again a case where Father Pardow's habit of logical and even sweeping deduction from a common principle made him far from a restful companion.

It was probably as a result of his able administration of the affairs of the college, that on November 16, 1893, Father Pardow was promoted to the office of provincial, a position which he held for four years. Thus, at the age of forty-six, he found himself superior of all the eastern and middle States, in command of six hundred Jesuits, of nine Jesuit colleges, and two houses of special Jesuit studies.

Outsiders often suppose that the obedience of Catholic people on matters of faith to ecclesiastical authority means that free discussion and differences of opinion on other matters are not encouraged by the Church. Yet this is so far from the truth that the very fact that there exists a final arbiter tends to encourage greater freedom of discussion. Indeed, it is these very discussions that bring forward the subjects to be defined. In a sense, the same is true in a great Order like the

Company of Jesus. Even were it possible that a vast organization of able and highly trained men from every nation of the world, should think alike on every subject, it would be far from desirable. Obedience comes in when the superior officer has once decided a point; then the duty of the subordinate is not only to obey physically, but obey intellectually, a much higher *tour de force* of ascetic training.[1]

To all those who are familiar with the Company of Jesus, this explanation will seem unnecessary, but to others it may help to explain the delicacy of the situation which confronted Father Pardow when he took up the work of provincial.

The Order was still going through a period of readjustment resulting from the fact that at a comparatively recent date the New York Mission had been united to the Province of Maryland under the name of Maryland-New York Province.[2] Not only did this entail changes in the details of government, but, in some respects, a slow blending of ideas and customs. The situation was one where tact was as necessary as sanctity.

Father Pardow was a comparatively young man for the position and a man of very definite ideas, frank and direct in their expression. His training had developed in him a decidedly ascetic temper of soul, which showed itself in a tendency to make for others, as well as for himself, the highest ideal

[1] "A Religious man who has obedience of will but not of the intellect, has one foot only in religion." — Saint Ignatius.

[2] In 1879.

a matter of obligation. Such, at least, was the claim of some of his colleagues. He himself followed the Rule in the centre and had small patience with narrow margins. Some thought that he lacked the suavity of the diplomat, that he even discarded it as unworthy of a military organization such as the Company of Jesus. So high were his own ideals for the Order that he may well have set a pace too fast for all to follow. His violent stimulus was irritating to many who realized that his counsels of perfection were not of strict obligation. Under the circumstances it is remarkable that Father Pardow retained the office as long as he did. The charge of severity was brought against him almost continuously during those four years by a number of his colleagues. Others among them, however, still refer to his provincialship as a "golden era" and a time "of great peace."

Where there is a distinct and positive policy in an administrative official, whether in religious orders or in more worldly affairs, such differences of opinion inevitably occur. It takes the perspective that only time can provide to decide the relative merits of such cases.

That Father Pardow was practical, a good business man, and a keen judge of character, all his colleagues agree. Absolutely uncompromising as he was, where a principle was concerned, his rigidity was ever rigidity of principle, the result of his high ideals for the Order itself; when it came to personal contact he was seldom pronounced severe. Nor was he hasty in reaching a conclusion; he

would listen to all there was to be said on each side, and then reserve his answer until he had "prayed about it." "To have a strong will is not to be obstinate and stubborn," he explained on one occasion. "Obstinacy is the sin of a weak will, since it shows that we have not power of character sufficient to stand the humiliation of following a light which we did not see when we decided the matter before. But it would be weakness to change the decision *if no new light* had been shed on the subject." In a case of this nature, a colleague remarked, "you might move the stars but you could not move Father Pardow!" and it may well have been this tenacity of purpose rather than his severity that antagonized certain elements in the province.

Although he listened to all requests with their reasons, he announced his conclusions with a simple "yes" or "no," as a general at the head of an army. He rarely explained his permission or refusal, and this in itself gave an impression of severity. Moreover, his self-discipline lent an expression of extreme firmness to his face which often negatived the effect of his kind words and gentle judgments. In actual practice he was not rigid, but always willing to make an exception to the Rules where there was a good reason. It was relaxation of the Rule in general to which he was opposed, and in this respect he was not an easy-going superior. His very presence, his own care for every detail of the Jesuit Rule and his application of it to the minutiæ of daily life was, in a

sense, an unconscious reproach, and created, not unnaturally, a certain resentment toward him as toward one who attached undue importance to trivial details. Many felt legitimate doubts about the wisdom of holding the standard so high, and the possible danger of discouraging well-disposed but slow-moving members of the Society.

Father Pardow's policy in admitting candidates to the Society was equally severe. Here again, the good of the Order came first. Indeed, it was the single consideration that weighed. He demanded all three qualities of the ideal Religious: *sanctitas, sanitas, scientia.* The presence of two of the qualities would not make up for the absence of the third. Many candidates were turned away, a number of novices and even scholastics dismissed who were excellent young men, but who, in his judgment, had not a true vocation for the Company of Jesus. In this he was often considered cruel, not only by the candidate himself, but by those among his sympathizers who were less astute than Father Pardow in their judgment of character. In cases where it was obvious that the aspirant must leave the Order, Father Pardow was kind almost to excess; only where he still had hopes of forming a true member of the Company he did not hesitate to use severity, the severity of the surgeon's knife.

When appointing men to hold office, the same singleness of purpose appears. Personalities could not sway him in the least, nor would he make concessions for the sake of diplomacy. The best man for the place was his only thought. That he acted

purely on principle, unswayed by personal likes or dislikes, all his colleagues agree, even those who felt that his drastic policy created too much friction to be wholly wise. In more cases than one, however, future years brought out the soundness of Father Pardow's judgment.

"I have been praying my knees off to the Holy Ghost," he wrote to a friend in 1894, "to know what Fathers to send to Jamaica."[1] Jamaica had been attached to the English Province until that time, but had just been transferred to the Province of Maryland-New York. The task was practically equivalent to opening a new house, and Father Pardow determined to go down to the island himself with the first group of Fathers, to look over the ground. It was his first visit to the tropics; he was enchanted and never ceased to weave into his sermons the beauty of that impression. To him all natural beauty was but a deeper plunge into the Divine beauty, and it was as such that he handed on his experiences to others.

He gave himself little time for mere enjoyment, but, in addition to organizing the new establishment, preached a course of lectures, not at all to his own satisfaction, it would appear, for he wrote: "I am aware of serious defects; the lecturer should have nothing else to do, whereas I have many other things." On December 2nd, with the ther-

[1] Father Collins was his choice as superior of the mission; he was later made Bishop of Jamaica.

mometer at 90° in the shade, he preached on the Bible at Kingston. His own comment is characteristic: "If the Bible were the sole rule of faith for Christians, we should need, down here, an Eleventh Commandment: 'Thou shalt learn to read and write!'"

As he was preparing to leave the Island, bad news broke the charm of his journey. A telegram announced the serious illness of his sister Julia, the only member of his immediate family who had remained in the world. He did not hurry his departure, but, when his work was finished, started for home with a sense of deep anxiety, and arrived in New York on the 24th of January to find that his sister had died of pneumonia the day before. He was not one of those people whose self-control consists in mere absence of feeling. As he was preparing to say the funeral Mass a friend of his sister's came to him weeping, and he had to beg her not to cry lest it should make him break down himself.

In spite of his reputation for severity Father Pardow was ever ready to accept correction in personal matters with absolutely detached humility. One is reminded of the story told of Ribadeneira, the *enfant terrible* of the novitiate in the time of Ignatius, who took it upon himself to tell the Saint that he should strive to improve his Italian. "You are right," replied Ignatius; "listen to me carefully when I speak, and remember my mistakes, so that you may tell me of them afterwards." Father Pardow had many a Ribadeneira

watching for his slightest faults; and the fact that everyone seemed to feel perfectly free to tell him about them would seem in itself to belie the assertion that he was so terrifying a superior. Indeed he united to a marvellous degree the qualities of official authority with personal humility.

The men who held office under him found his rule both broad and stimulating to individual initiative. Whenever it appeared wise to extend or improve some special work, Father Pardow would take the matter under immediate consideration and would decide promptly upon the best means of action. Afterwards, while willing to assume full responsibility for his action, he left the men in immediate charge free to work out the details as they thought best, and was always generous in recognizing the slightest success on their part.

But though innovation did not terrify him in constructive directions, he was always conservative about abandoning a work once undertaken. He could not bear to relinquish any house that he had found in operation upon assuming office, his policy being rather to improve and extend it, so that it might prove its usefulness. This was his attitude toward the colleges in Washington and Jersey City, and their flourishing condition today fully justifies his policy. This was also his attitude toward several other works of the Order which were later abandoned, though it was not long before all those concerned had reason to regret such action.

The affairs of the province were a heavy responsibility. On November 6, 1896, he wrote to a friend: "My time in office is nearly up, and I hope to have the burden lifted from my shoulders. Then I may have more time to myself. I am very busy. I preach a retreat in Brooklyn next week and go to Washington on Saturday to preach at the Mass of the new Delegate, Monsignor Martinelli."

He had to carry the burden another four months. It was not until March that the Rev. Edward J. Purbrick was sent from England to take the reins of government. He arrived unannounced. Father Pardow, who was in Washington at the time, was notified of his advent, and returned immediately to New York to make over the affairs of the province to its new provincial.

"One who reigns in the Company of Jesus has not time to get dizzy!" Father Pardow had remarked when raised to his high office. Now, with the flexibility which characterizes the Company's members, he took up the simple round of parochial work once more while stationed at Gonzaga College in Washington, where later he held the post of professor of philosophy. It was not until 1906, after two years as instructor of tertians, that he again figured prominently in the governmental affairs of the Order. He was then elected delegate to represent the province at the general congregation of the Society at Rome, which had been called to elect a new General. Worn out from overwork, he sailed in July, and reached

Rome to find himself one of seventy-three in conclave. The long daily sessions, combined with the great heat of the Roman summer, brought on a severe breakdown. He was taken to a hospital, "and," as he wrote, "had the Pope's physician"; but after an interval resumed his share of the work, both before and after the election of Father Wernz as General of the Company of Jesus.

Chapter III

INNER LIFE

"I waited patiently for the Lord, and He inclined unto me." — Ps. xxxix, 1.

IT is a common mistake to suppose that the realistic life of the nineteenth century is fatal to sanctity; that we must be remote from all practical matters and highly emotional if we are to be holy," said Father Pardow. He himself was a living proof of the contrary.

Had Father Pardow left no record of his inner life other than those few pages of practical resolutions which make up the notes of his personal retreats, it would be possible to miss entirely the rare quality of his spiritual nature. Fortunately, these are not all, and although he hid his personal sanctity with a reticence that was almost shyness, it is still possible to give, if not a complete account, at least a general indication of the lines of his interior character.

His one care was to appear quite ordinary, free from any kind of singularity, unless one may call singular his almost exaggerated care in the observance of his Rule. He carried his fear of being thought holy even to the point of endangering the effect of his preaching, as is evident from a written

note reproaching himself for his reluctance to use greater tenderness of voice and manner: "I think it is fear lest *ours* should think me pious." Other notes reveal the same tendency.

It might well be urged that a man who felt such an intense reserve regarding his inner life is entitled to maintain that reserve even after death, and that the intimate workings of his soul should not be dragged forth and publicly labelled. Yet, on the other hand, there was never a man more ready than was Father Pardow to turn every experience of his own into nourishment for the lambs of his flock; a form of self-revelation which, even when not explicit, was none the less evident to his hearers, and was precisely the quality in his retreats that made them so pregnant with deep wisdom and insight. His own custom, then, must be our excuse for the present chapter, an excuse which we believe his apostolic heart will hold valid. Father Pardow's clear blazing of the trail over which we all must pass — if to pass we have the courage — is so illuminating; certain features of his inner life are so stimulating to slower toilers, that they may well form part of the legitimate material of the biographer.

The distinctive quality of Father Pardow's inner life was its absolute sincerity and simplicity. There was no spiritual attitudinizing, no posing, however unconscious. He did not make long speeches to himself; a few contemptuous words were enough, as his notes show. On the other hand, he was absolutely truthful and real. "I once made a

promise that I should never say in prayer anything that I did not mean fully; I was amazed to find how many things I had been saying, unconsciously, which I did not mean at all." This was during his student days.

As a young priest, he would occasionally be caught off his guard and let fall a revealing phrase: "I *long* to be despised," he exclaimed in 1885 during the course of a retreat. But in later life such an exclamation would not have passed his lips; he was more vigilant. Only those who knew his soul intimately realized the rarefied, yet wholly sane atmosphere in which, habitually, he moved. "It is not easy to *live* the Third Degree"[1] was the cryptic explanation of his eloquence given by a colleague who understood Father Pardow's soul.

One might well suppose, to judge from his ardent love of God and from the rich results of his meditations, that his hours of prayer were periods of great consolation and refreshment; that his soul reached out spontaneously toward his Creator, even as the magnetic needle turns to the north. Yet this was not the case. Through the greater part of his life his prayers were singularly devoid of consolation of any kind. They were a sustained and habitual struggle with aridity, — in his student years with drowsiness as well. God knew the stamina of that soul, a soul that could be trusted, and did not need to be coddled or fed upon sweets.

[1] The Third Degree of Humility consists in choosing contempt and humiliation in preference to the things that flatter our self-esteem, because our Lord and Saviour chose them. See Footnote on page ~~64~~. 76

Prayer was not easy for Father Pardow. Yet — whether easy or hard — it was a *necessity.* "We priests give five hours a day to prayer, and it is more necessary to us than our breakfast," were his own words; "the soul is hungry." Thus it was of no importance that prayer was a struggle; his generosity was so great, his will so strong, that he made that struggle a *habit* in his life. He had immense faith in the power of prayer, and judged of its value rather in terms of effort than in terms of enjoyment. He realized that he was not responsible to God for a gift of tears, nor for the many pious *feelings* which he did not experience; but the substance of sanctity was his to give: he was responsible to God for his full mind and for his full will; these he gave unreservedly with a consistency almost heroic. "The will can still act when all the other powers of the soul are in a state of torpor," he wrote, "and there lies its value and power."

In his student days the effort to keep awake during the early morning meditation was so great that he found it necessary to walk up and down the corridor to overcome it. Later this sort of stupor in the morning vanished, but he made a point throughout his life of being strict about his bed hour, that no contributory negligence on his own part might add to the difficulty of his prayer.

For twenty years he besought Saint Teresa to obtain for him the gift of prayer, yet the answer seems to have taken the form of that great educational answer made to Saint Paul: "My grace is

sufficient for thee: for power is made perfect in infirmity." And Father Pardow was ready to respond with the generous answer of the Saint: "Then will I glory in my infirmity," — the infirmity which was to be the means of showing forth God's power. "The strength of God shines forth more perfectly when we are weak and yet do great things for Him," he wrote, "for it is evident that He alone is doing them."

Father Pardow believed firmly in Saint Ignatius' principle: that one should use human means as if there were no Divine ones, and Divine, as if there were no human ones. So, while persisting in his prayer to Saint Teresa, he took all the ordinary means of increasing his facility for prayer. He knew that if prayer reacted upon his daily life, his daily life reacted, to a great extent, upon his prayer. "Fidelity in little things makes our prayer more valuable," he said, and this firm belief was at the root of his minute observance of his Rule. He was convinced that special graces come to the Jesuit through such observance. "How can I expect any great light in prayer if the Rules were broken the day before?" he asked. Hence followed his exact fidelity, carried to a point that might well have been considered exaggerated insistence on the letter. Yet to him there was no spirit of mechanical routine in this obedience: "If in our Rules we see the will of Christ, each act of observance becomes a personal act of devotion to a friend. It is only if we look on the Rules as '*Vox Dilecti*' that we really live."

The Rules, to him, were "the Column of Fire ever before us. . . . God's will at every moment of the day." They were to be "bound to the fingers with bonds of love . . . not as mere habit or routine, but each act of observance as a personal offering to Christ." He carried this obedience to the Rule so far as to include points where he could well have taken small liberties and yet have remained within its spirit, and to many, appeared a mere stickler for form. In reality, he was practising what, to a man of his strong, independent nature, was real self-discipline. If the Rule, he argued, was to be obeyed only where it would be obviously harmful to disobey, there was no discipline at all in obedience. "A Religious needs nothing more to canonize him than the strict observance of his Rule," said Pope Benedict XIV, and Father Pardow shared this belief in the virtue of the Rule, quite apart from its mere convenience. This explains his refusal to accept the smallest personal present, or even to take a glass of soda water when on a walk, without special permission. This perpetual submission of his own will in little things made the days replete with victories over self-love in its myriad forms.

"*Vince*" — that one word summed up for himself and for others the foundation of the spiritual life. Nothing so fired his indignation as what he called "a veneering of piety over a depth of self; a few pious practices in place of a spiritual *life*."

He was very orderly in spiritual matters. Disorder had, in a sense, more real danger than actual

sin. "Sin," he said, "has something of horror about it; but disorder is attractive. When the soul is weakened by disorder it is easily plunged into sin." He fought his disinclinations with fixed hours. Regularly throughout his life, he gave the first hour of the day to God, one hour of solid thinking leading to definite resolutions. "Prayer," he said, "is arming oneself with *strength*." Then he said his Mass, with so much care and reverence, with such determination to avoid distractions, — those enemies of all who lead an active life,— that, according to his own admission, he was quite exhausted by it each day. Yet he believed that God judged him by the intensity of his striving, not by the results in pleasing sensations to himself. He was not looking for pleasure, though he did seek and find a certain calm joy. "Pleasure is in the senses; joy is in the *will*," he wrote; and again: "The creatures which *please* do not often *help*," using the word "creatures" in the sense of the *Exercises* as including all things in the world outside of God and the soul.

Even on his busiest days he gave twenty minutes at least to thanksgiving after saying Mass, and if possible, remained to hear a second Mass. It was a time that he valued above any other, and his religious brothers can remember his ascetic figure kneeling motionless for nearly half an hour. At the end, he would draw from his pocket a memorandum book and quietly read through a list of subjects which he wanted to remind himself to talk about with God; personal graces in his life

that must be thanked for each day; special desires of his heart to be obtained by patient storming of heaven.

His Breviary was generally read while walking up and down, but not at odd moments. He made a fixed plan for himself in all things: visits to the Blessed Sacrament on going out, on coming in, in passing from one part of the house to another, the last thing at night. He could not give long hours to prayer, — his life was too active — but he carried out what he so earnestly preached: "When we pray let us pray *well.*"

Methodical in all matters connected with the soul, he kept at one thing until it was fully realized and could be handled easily and fluently. "The Saints realized what we only know," he was fond of saying. Thus he gave two years of his life to meditating on death — an hour a day — "not because I was afraid of it," as he explained, "but because death is so educational." Once for all he learned to look at life, not in the shadow of death, but rather in its all-revealing light. He saw the passing trifles of time in the full perspective of eternity. From that moment external events ceased to affect him in the sense of causing him deep joy or deep sorrow. He had realized death once for all, and applied its power to even minute decisions of daily life. He had a habit of putting himself on his death-bed in imagination when he had to make a decision, even of a comparatively insignificant nature. He kept himself tuned to pitch by small adjustments; every morning, as he opened the

Missal, he asked himself the question: "At what page will this book be turned on the day when I open it for the last time?"

The Bible was his chief spiritual nourishment; he read it for at least an hour a day, usually at half past seven in the evening. His meditations were mostly on the life of Christ, and how much he drew from this intelligent and intimate study of the Scriptures became evident in his retreats. "He drew water from the rock," exclaimed an archbishop on hearing him for the first time.

He had an intense horror of any carelessness in doing God's work. *Maledictus est qui facit opus Dei negligenter*, was constantly before his mind. It was because of the special relation in which the priest stood toward God that any negligence on his part became unpardonable. He often used the example of Nadab and Abiu,[1] priests of the Lord, who, for a slight carelessness about the sacred fire for the altar, were struck dead on the spot, their bodies thrown without the camp, and Aaron forbidden by God to weep for them. Why? Because Aaron was a priest and must feel more sorrow for a slight negligence toward God than for the death of his own son. A venial sin of carelessness: yet there was the terrible punishment to show how God felt about negligence on the part of a priest.

No one who ever saw Father Pardow say Mass will forget the quality of exact precision that characterized every motion, every word, — a stately and majestic precision full of deepest reverence.

[1] Levit. x.

It is seldom given to us to see a person perfectly recollected, and, as it were, gathered up in God. When Father Pardow stood at the steps of the altar to begin Mass, from his absolute quiet and the direct, dignified simplicity of every motion, came a sense of collected strength. It was as if all his powers were brought to a focus for the worship and glory of God. As the holy Sacrifice progressed there was no change, only an intensifying, a drawing together of inner energies, that the whole man might be himself a complete offering. The words of the liturgy fell from his lips with a measured, glad solemnity, until the hearers were lifted with the priest to a consciousness of their own part in the Sacrifice. At the Communion there was no change in his steadfast bearing, but the "*Domine, non sum dignus*" was spoken in a fuller, deeper voice, with conviction so absolute, that the congregation unconsciously responded, out of a newborn — because newly-conceived — humility.

In Fra Angelico's pictures the atmosphere seems of another world from ours, because each figure shows in its poise and gesture that it has lost all hampering self-consciousness in the constant act of worship. The outlines are not blurred by wavering and uncertain impulses, but are clear with conviction and control. It was this attitude of habitual, unconscious conviction that made Father Pardow's Mass a great lesson as well as a great drama. From his quiet figure came a strength that filled the church and reached the furthest worshipper with a contagion of example. It was a silent sermon on

how to hear Mass as well as on how to say Mass, and made each repetition of the Holy Sacrifice a new experience.

Father Pardow was always directly accessible both before and after his hours of prayer. There was no sense of his coming from another region, or of his having to readjust his perspective. As a trained soldier carries himself erect in private as when on duty, simply because it has become a second nature to be erect, so Father Pardow bore himself in every circumstance of life.

Perhaps his great difficulties at prayer may have contributed to form his soul in that deep, sincere humility which was his. The constant straining his eyes to focus them on distant horizons may have saved him from the danger of letting his immense public success lead him into self-satisfaction or merely natural activity. As it was, he humbled himself before God, offering Him, not emotion, but that true devotion which lies in readiness of heart to follow the will of God, even in the smallest particulars.

By one of those strange anomalies, characteristic of the science of the saints, he accused himself, in his private retreats, of pride; a mystery which can only be explained by the fact that great sanctity illumines the soul in a special way, so that it can perceive, — even as the eye would perceive, in a bright ray of sunshine — myriads of tiny specks, invisible by an ordinary light. To this gift of vision, and not to hypocritical modesty, must be ascribed the self-depreciatory tone of Father Pardow's account of his own soul.

Of the notes of his private retreats only a few sheets remain, the dates including a period from 1891 to 1898. The first is headed "Manresa, October 9, 1891" — a time in which he was rector of St. Francis Xavier's Church in New York City:

"*First Day:* I realized, I think for the first time, how proud I had always been; especially proud in prayer. My habitual way of presenting self before God in prayer was as a self-satisfied person, as one on very good terms with the King; as one who has always been true to Him, who therefore came to ask what was almost due. So, whenever I spoke of those who were tepid in the Society, those who were doing harm to our works by their faults, it never entered my mind that I might be such a one! Blind as David; would need a prophet to ring it in my ears: '*Tu es ille vir.*'

. . . . . .

"*Fourth Day:* A great light, i.e., that I have never before been thoroughly convinced of my blindness in that I never believed I was awfully proud. I silently assumed my superiority, and, judging that there was objective 'reason', it never occurred to me that anyone else could be right. Hence, dictatorial, censorious. The few times I have been corrected for faults of others, placing myself far above them, because I had not (at least did not see) *those* faults in myself; though there were others far greater.

"*Fifth Day:* Hitherto I have come to ask graces of Our Lord in this mood: 'I am trying; I am doing something, so help, O Lord.' Hereafter I

wish to say: 'I am altogether unfaithful, O Lord, but you love me: so grant what I need.'

"When a letter from Father Beckx was read about how one may do harm to the whole Society, I became indignant to think there might be such a one: never dreamt of '*Tu es ille vir.*' Especially true of the rector of a house!

"*Sixth Day:* I have come to saying of Mass with a self-satisfied feeling; my desire of observance — in general or for others — blinding me to my myriad defects. Never said the *Confiteor* as if I really understood my unworthiness. . . .

"*Seventh Day:* This retreat has had one effect that no other had. I left others feeling that I had made a good one, and that I was going to lead a really good life. I leave this one feeling that I have made a very poor one, and that I shall need a very powerful grace from our Lord to correct even ordinary faults.

"*Last Day:* . . . Is this the retreat after which the spiritual life is to be less full of difficulties? . . . Perhaps not: *sed eritis mihi testes* — by struggle — . . . whereas to the *humble*, supernatural life in the Society. . . ."

The following year, while he was still rector of St. Francis Xavier's College, this is the account of his retreat:

"Manresa, Nov. 9, 1892: — Three things I have learnt:

(1) "That one very great obstacle to perfection throughout my whole religious life, 27 years, is a deep, settled, axiomatic, first-principle belief in my

own freedom from faults, piety, obedience. Hence never doubting my own views; doing little good to tertians, scholastics; embittering all; making piety repulsive; but still self-satisfied because I get up in time; never over-sleep; hate tobacco and drink, etc.

(2) "I must watch over eyes and heart.

(3) "Recollection every hour.

(4) "More kindliness when members of the Community visit me."

There is nothing more until the year 1894, during the time that Father Pardow was provincial:

"Retreat, Nov. 3–11: My blindness has been very great in not seeing the depth of pride, self-assurance and self-complacency in me; and at the same time, having a very high idea of my virtue, of the effect of my prayers for others, of the good I was doing. How self-deceived I was is evident from the fact that I could never take correction, that I resented being told of my faults, answering back even, with anger and haughtiness, as one who would say: 'Well, if you don't like the way I am acting, get someone else' — not having learned the *a b c* of obedience. All the time, however, preaching very high doctrine, having a high ideal for others."

In reading the life of Saint Alphonsus at this time, he wrote: "Humility at last brought peace of soul to Saint Alphonsus, — and *then* came the gift of prayer. But he *never gave up*. Had to overcome self; method of Saint Ignatius: *vincere*. Effect of sound prayer must be advance in virtue."

The next account of one of his private retreats is in 1898, a few months after he had ceased to be provincial, a change which he had accepted with extraordinary simplicity and even with gratitude.

"Keyser Island. August 10, 1898. '*Bona est oratio cum jejunio.*' I think I could fast now, easily; at least I can lessen very much the amount of food. For fifty-one years I have never fasted: excuse, my health, headaches. . . . In nine years I shall be beyond the age, so that thus, in my whole life, I shall never have availed myself of that great spiritual power and aid to prayer. For all eternity there will be lacking that resemblance with Christ. He prayed: I have also. He fasted: I never did. At the age of thirty, He had fasted forty days continuously. At the age of fifty-one, I have not fasted *one* — separately.

"Concluding my retreat, I see three things that must be enforced: (1) More moderation in eating and drinking. (2) More care in anticipating office. (3) More visits to the Blessed Sacrament, L.J.C."

This is the last record of any of his private retreats. During the final decade of his life, the years when he was reaping the reward of his long struggle, we have no word from his own pen to indicate the things that were taking place in his soul. Great as is this loss, it is characteristic of the man himself. What was worth recording was only what was needed as a spur to apply "when poor human nature slackened." His spiritual notes were utilitarian, not æsthetic. He had had courage to walk in the dry bed of the river, and his reward

had come. A great calm settled on his spirit; his words glowed with a white-heat of conviction; his ardent love for Christ radiated like an aura about him and warmed those who drew near. The deepening of the spiritual current could be felt in his sermons and retreats, a difference summed up thus by a sister at Carmel: "You have changed very much; the fire is the same, but you show how much you have prayed."

He experienced in prayer, a close contact, a personal intimacy with Christ, far removed from that clutch in the dark of earlier years. Of what nature was this prayer we have no possibility of knowing; perhaps we have no need of asking. Father Pardow has illustrated again that which we most need to know: that "a saint is not a being of another mould than ourselves, but one who moulds circumstances, and does not allow himself to become the mere play of them; . . . that we need not be born a saint in order to be a saint at all; that we need not be emotional, nor find great delight in prayer." Father Pardow's own summing up of sanctity, in his life as in his valiant words, was this: "To have the same purpose in life as Christ, to toil for the same ends. To realize Christ — to know Him as a reality. To take hold of Christ and His doctrines; to make His aims our aims. To copy Eternal Life clothed with flesh, and ask no reward other than Himself."

It is easier to draw a picture of struggle than of victory, the way rather than the goal. It is also more to the point for the common wayfarer.

Father Pardow had asked of his Master, not peace, but faithful combat. "Teach me to be prompt and diligent in Thy service," had been his daily prayer. He had demanded no payment in spiritual consolations. He had stood firm under that unique test which God, the great Educator, reserves for those who are closest to His heart. Year after year Father Pardow had suffered an intense loneliness of heart, his love encouraged by no sensible response from the Beloved, a supreme trial to which no other can compare. His Lord had kept him waiting, as one who would test the fidelity of a friend. When He came at last He found His friend and servant, with soldier-like fidelity, ready to receive the orders of his General on his knees.

Chapter IV

PERSONAL TRAITS

> "Like almost all the greater saints of the Church, he enjoyed laughter and epigram, and truth fortified with jesting, he prized the discipline of sorrow, but loathed melancholy."—Lionel Johnson.

"NATURE fulfilled by grace is not less nature," says Coventry Patmore, "but is supernaturally natural." Father Pardow lived habitually in a supernatural attitude of mind, yet so naturally, so gaily, that he never gave an impression of being constrained or cramped. He was always a human being of flesh and blood, "completed in Christ." The traits of his vigorous personality were not effaced but deepened.

It has been proved possible, time and again, to combine high intellectual gifts with mediocrity of character; to talk eloquently of the noblest flights of the mystics, yet to be unable to take a single groping step in their wake. There is indeed all the difference in the world between an intellectual conception and a *life*. Saint Paul realized this difference when he chastised his body and brought it under subjection, "lest perhaps," as he said, "when I have preached to others, I myself should

become a castaway." Father Pardow suffered from no inconsistency of precept and practice. The man that appeared in the pulpit was the *real* Father Pardow; the principles which he there advocated were his own daily working principles, a reflection of his spiritual experience. Any other scale of values would have been an artificial scale to him. In the pulpit he preached what, outside of it, he lived. "I have heard Father Pardow preach a hundred and sixty-three conferences in one year," remarked a distinguished colleague, "and have never heard him say a single word that he did not practise himself."

When we have once learned a language, we handle it fluently, without thinking out, consciously, each little word or phrase. It was in this sense that Father Pardow handled the principles of the spiritual life, easily, naturally, idiomatically. The spiritual life had been learned *à fond;* everything else had fallen permanently into perspective. Hence arose his serene simplicity, his direct vision, and that optimism which is found only in two extreme types of mind: those who have never thought at all, and those who have carried their thinking to a point of unifying simplicity.

Thus, unhampered by conflicting allegiances, what Father Pardow's mind grasped, his will acted upon without a moment's hesitation, and that energy of his, when once let loose with the power of its complete concentration, was overwhelming. "I will save my strength unto Thee," might have been the motto of his life.

He wasted neither time nor faculties. "Character," — he was fond of quoting Mallock's definition, "character is the organization of impulse." His own impulses were highly organized. They were all under control, all turned into power. Yet in spite of this control, no one could have mistaken him for a man of phlegmatic temperament. He seemed always afire, the embodiment of concentrated energy, and gave an impression of buoyancy and enthusiasm that was as far as possible from phlegmatic tranquility. The military straightness, the very manner in which he wore his cassock as a soldier his uniform, the lithe, quick step, the occasional decisive gesture, showed how active and even impatient a spirit was so thinly veiled behind the cover of flesh. Yet each line of his ascetic face showed plainly the force of will which held the reins and did not hesitate to use them with decision.

Such complete control over an ardent nature is not attained without constant warfare, and the testimony of his friends reveals how rigid were the demands he made upon himself in this regard. Many anecdotes show us the man in the process of organizing his impulses, but perhaps the most striking example of careful organization and its results is the case of his health, which at first had so handicapped him as to be a serious menace to the success of his work. It is all the more notable, therefore, that he learned, not only to adjust his health to the point of carrying through the duties of the average Jesuit, but became an example of remarkable endurance even among that hard-

working group of men. The secret lay in absolute regularity of life. He took a walk each day, of an hour and a half, at a regular time and quite regardless of weather conditions; a short rest in bed early in the afternoon; a cold bath at night and after preaching, to avoid taking cold and to preserve his voice from hoarseness; and was careful never to preach while fasting, knowing that this invariably brought on a headache. By these means, as experience had proved, the greatest amount of work could be extracted from the human machine. The demands he made upon it were heavy. Two sermons a day and often three, with a journey between them, was not infrequent, while his routine duties filled the intervening time. A rare power of concentration, however, combined with the habit of quick decision, enabled him to keep pace with the day's work. Not a moment was frittered away in mental loitering. Idleness, as he put it, was "the second original sin," and Father Pardow knew how to turn to good purpose those odd moments that escape the vigilance of most men.

His ordinary working day began at five and ended at ten, but in later years he cut down his sleep still further in order to gain an undisturbed hour of prayer before the rest of the community was awake. Indeed, it was almost necessary to steal his quiet moments from the night, for, during the day, he was the prey of visitors of all classes. The pressure was greatest while he was rector, when he was at the disposal of anyone who might wish to consult

him. His correspondence assumed overwhelming proportions, and the mere acknowledgment of those countless letters confirmed him in his instinctive habit of brevity. His replies were almost telegraphic in form; short, straightforward, to the point; in the majority there is hardly a personal touch.

When dealing with visitors the impression he gave was of a specialist ready for consultation. His kind but direct manner conveyed a realization that his time was precious, even had not the feeling been reinforced by the number of men and women who were always waiting their turn for a few words with him. Each one felt instinctively that Father Pardow would be ready to give all his time if he could be of any real help; that he would be sympathetic if the question concerned the interests of the Divine Master; but that he had not a moment to waste in casual chatter. How he conveyed the impression would be hard to say, for no word of the sort ever passed his lips, but the impression was none the less clear. His personality made the visitor ashamed to waste his time.

Perhaps it was this trait which, to a certain type of mind, made him seem cold. Yet it would be safe to say that no one who went to him in trouble, in an honest intellectual difficulty, or any serious crisis of life, ever found him so. At moments such as these, he radiated, like a flame of Divine love, the wonderful tenderness of those who are absorbed in God; a tenderness so personal and delicate, yet, in a sense, so impersonal; utterly whole-hearted,

yet fully within bounds. He used few words, for, being a man of deep sentiment, he abhorred sentimentality; but those few words revealed a depth of understanding which is the highest form of sympathy.

His was a gift of supreme service. Life was precious in his eyes only that he might give it to others, not in any shallow humanitarian sense, but because those others were souls for whom Christ had died, the object of His love, and therefore of infinite value. Thus, whether he spoke in a crowded cathedral or to a single penitent; whether he argued with an "advanced thinker" or taught a class of little children; whether he moved among "ladies of the world" or chatted with a street-cleaner at the crossing, Father Pardow was always exactly the same and always at his ease. As a matter of fact, human respect, with the recognition it entails of artificial distinctions, did not exist for him at all. For so many years he had looked at things from God's standpoint that for him a soul was a soul; that was enough.

Literal sincerity was the keynote of his dealings with God. The same literal sincerity marked his dealings with men and women. His simplicity of language was sometimes in striking contrast to conventional exaggerations of expression, but the evidence of his friends leaves no doubt of the fact that his was an extremely affectionate nature under heroic control; and, like most people who feel deeply, he could not bring himself to the desecration of exaggerated expression.

Strangely enough, he received very little human sympathy during the course of his life. Perhaps God allowed this for the perfecting of a character which, in early years, felt the lack of sympathy more than he would have cared to admit. "We do not encourage each other enough," he once said. "The American way of turning everything into ridicule has a bad effect; it depresses us. We need sympathy for our work." But as the years passed, he leaned on the sympathy of Christ to the exclusion of a need for any other, giving to Christ what other people give their friends, taking Him all his confidences.

Capable of warm friendships, in spite of his own independence of them, he carried his friends' troubles on his heart and lifted them, with his own, to God. In the confessional his sympathetic nature was so tortured as to exhaust him physically, and the heavy work in the confessional had to be lifted from him to a great extent. Wickedness and callousness of conscience caused him real suffering, nor could he shake off the impression of sadness after hearing a number of confessions. When he described the agony of our Lord in the Garden at the sight of all the sin of the world, and the uselessness of His Blood in the case of so many souls, Father Pardow's own experience provided the best illustration: "No wonder Christ felt saddened," he would say, "when you think how a priest feels who has had to listen to thousands of confessions after a big mission, and realize that all those terrible sins are not a drop in the ocean com-

pared to those our Lord saw, as He lay on the ground at Gethsemane!"

His habit of delving beneath the surface of things in meditation gave him a quick spiritual perception which he exercised outside the hours of prayer. All his surroundings contributed to his working material, and, in his case, the power to draw telling illustrations out of simple things had reached the point of a fine art. This gift of vision, this instinct of penetration, which discovers spiritual values and analogies in apparently commonplace objects, is in reality the poet's talent, the artist's talent, — and the talent of the saint.

It would be easy to multiply examples of the delightful analogies that came so fluently to his mind. One of them is recorded by a colleague: "On his way to Woodstock to give a retreat, he made part of the journey on an electric trolley. He noticed that the lights burned brighter when the car stopped and grew quite dim when the car climbed a hill. The fact suggested an illustration which he used in the retreat and in many subsequent ones: that the grace of God may be displayed in men's lives by power as well as by light; that a decrease in sensible devotion need not argue a lessening of God's grace in the soul, but a diverting of its energy from light to power."

How many people will remember Father Pardow's own account of one of his walks in the country near Poughkeepsie. He entered into conversation with a little girl, who invited him to come into the house and see the chickens.

"Where do you keep them?" he asked.

"In the bureau drawers," replied the child.

He followed her, and there, indeed, were the chickens, just out of the incubator, running around the bureau drawers. They seemed to be looking in vain for something that the bureau drawer did not supply. Father Pardow thought of our Lord's touching analogy of the hen gathering the chickens under her wings. These chickens had no mother but the kerosene lamp. The lamp had given them light and heat; it had brought them to life, but it could not inspire their love. We should be in the same position, he concluded, if, instead of a personal God, we believed only in an impersonal Power. We could not love it, we could not pray to it, any more than those chickens could have loved the kerosene lamp.

Whenever he travelled, Father Pardow was on the alert for fresh material and new illustrations; his trained eye quickly selected what was to his purpose. California, Jamaica, Rome, — each was made to contribute its quota. It was at Niagara Falls that the thought first occurred to him which he used so often and in so many different applications: that for years all the power of those mighty waters had gone to waste; they had provided no light, no heat for the people until the day when they were connected with the city of Buffalo, and were converted into light, heat and power. In the same way he saw the torrent of the Blood of Christ poured out through the centuries, but poured out in vain for the individual soul if that

soul had failed to put itself into connection with the Blood of Christ through the Sacraments.

Thus, through life, he avoided repetition by keeping his material renewed. It was, indeed, this faculty for getting so much out of the things he saw around him that made Father Pardow give up reading to a great extent as he grew older. "The older we grow the fewer books we need," he once remarked in this connection. His own imagination was not only fully stored, but had the power of perpetual renewal. Reading, in his case, simply took up valuable time and still more valuable brain and nerve energy. To keep his mind replenished, all he needed was nature and those things which the day's adventure might sweep into his net.

"Multiplicity of books makes the mind poor," he used to say, which did not mean that he disapproved of reading. On the contrary, he insisted, during retreats both to priests and lay people, on the duty of taking up some serious reading. But he advocated books that would not impoverish the mind; reading, not as an anodyne to take the place of thought, but reading that would stimulate thought. As an example of really educational reading he liked to tell of a Spanish philosopher, who, on opening a new book, would ask himself: "What do I know already about the subject of the first chapter?" and would then stop and write down what he knew before reading the chapter, in order to compare the author's views with his own. Fortunately, Father Pardow did not insist that all should read according to the method of the

Spanish philosopher, — in some cases there might have been little to write down on the personal side of the balance sheet — but he did insist that reading should be active, not passive; that it should make the reader exert himself and not simply drift on the current of the author's thought.

Father Pardow was himself a striking example of selective taste in an age where we are expected to admire everything at the price of being thought narrow-minded. He educated all those who came under his influence to have the courage to recognize what a contemporary writer calls "the strong masculine distinction," in contrast to the weak blending of values which was so fashionable in his day. It was this power to impart selective judgment to others that made Father Pardow such a great teacher. His short career in the class-room had been exceptionally fruitful for this very reason, while his many converts insist that he trained them, not only in matters spiritual, but, quite unconsciously, in worldly things as well, through the mere focussing of their selective judgment. For his own part, while broad in his understanding of a wide range of ideas, he valued few among them, chose still fewer, but those few he loved with concentrated devotion and spent his life in defending.

To certain aspects of beauty he was impervious. All the finer shades of artistic expression found him color blind. But where nature was concerned he had a poetic sensitiveness to beauty of which he was himself half ashamed. It was perhaps the one innate talent that he did not recognize and make

use of. The love of nature, which made him see "all created things around us pregnant with the power of God," was almost in the spirit of the early Franciscans, as was his intense delight in the beauty of landscape "those frescoes on our prison walls." While at Jamaica, every manifestation of Divine beauty in that tropical country peopled his imagination for years to come, as was evident from his frequent references to the flowers and the butterflies, "those tiny creatures which God elaborates with such care for their short span of life."

His use of the word "poetry," however, belied his own temper of soul. It was hurled forth as a synonym for unreality, for something fictitious and frivolous. Yet his own trend of thought was often unconsciously poetic, in its restraint as in its power of stimulating suggestion. It was when taken unaware that this quality was most apparent. A scholastic met him near Poughkeepsie one afternoon when the winter's snow was beginning to melt. He was trudging along his favorite path, ankle-deep in mud. "You are not afraid of the mud, Father?" asked the young man; "the highway is quite dry." Father Pardow glanced at the slush under foot, and replied: "It is like the path to heaven!"

To be a missionary, to tread in the footsteps of Saint Francis Xavier, was his lifelong ambition. Again and again his name appears among the volunteers for distant service: for the Islands of the Pacific, for Jamaica, for China during the revolution of 1900, for Japan when the Society

opened a university at Tokio. And, though his application was denied in each case, he never gave up hope. "I would gladly coin every drop of my blood into gold for the missions," he wrote a few months before his death; and once, in the course of a sermon, he spoke of how strange it had always seemed to him that the Israelite women had been so ready to cast their jewels into the furnace to form the golden calf, whereas we never heard of a woman today casting away her jewels to help the souls that were waiting for the knowledge of Christ. So literally were his words taken, that for weeks small pieces of jewelry kept pouring into the headquarters of the Missionary Society, much to the astonishment of the office force.

The patriotism of his childhood never changed. Intensely American in his sympathies, he used to encourage the community under him to take an interest in national celebrations, and did so himself with real enthusiasm. At the end of the Spanish War he preached to the returning troops on the symbolism of the flag, that "holy emblem" of ideals that must be upheld at the price of life itself. The red stripes were as the blood of the country, to be shed for it if necessary; the white, the pure principles on which the nation was founded, to be maintained against all odds; the blue field on which the stars were set, symbolized staunchness to principle, firmness of conviction, and foundations of rock. And if the symbolism appears a little strained, allowance must be made for the emotional tension of the time and the

fact that Father Pardow's own patriotism was deeply stirred.

In a sense his natural military ardor translated itself into the spiritual life. He always sounded a martial note, and the personal loyalty of the soldier to his commanding officer, in contrast to abstract patriotism, that he used so much in talking to others, was always his own spur to action. Indeed, in Father Pardow's personal love for Christ there was an element of chivalry. He was a knight-errant in search of adventure that could be turned to his Lord's service, animated by a self-forgetful generosity that did not stop to weigh the personal effort involved.

He had no sympathy with the tendency he saw around him to avoid pain as an evil in itself. Pain was an education; if borne with Christ, and for His sake, it was almost a revelation. From this conviction sprang his horror of anodynes, especially at the hour of death, and he prayed constantly to be allowed to face that great moment in full possession of his faculties. At one time he underwent a slight operation, and put his theory into practice by refusing to take an anæsthetic. Again, when tortured by an unusually severe headache, a lady offered him some medicine to relieve the pain and enable him to get through a sermon. For a moment it seems to have tempted him, for the sake of the sermon, but only for a moment. Then he refused it almost violently, saying: "God wants me to suffer this pain for Him."

But this Spartan attitude did not make him

solemn. A keen sense of humor illumined his earnestness, and among his religious brothers, especially, Father Pardow was famous for his wit. "Under an ascetical, and, to some, a rigid exterior," writes one of these, "there was in Father Pardow a very pleasant and even humorous nature. Those who lived with him constantly knew this side of his character best, for when engaged with strangers his earnestness was predominant and rarely would his humor assert itself. In the pulpit, where he sometimes indulged it with a set purpose, it seemed to lack the aptness and real wit that were characteristic of his moments of relaxation." Yet even his humor was in harness, its impulses held in check and made to work with the machinery of his mind in a single direction. "It was quite plain," writes the same colleague, "that he was constantly exercising a restraint over his tendency to perceive and to express the comical aspect of things." Close friends outside the community had the impression that his jokes were less in the nature of a personal relaxation than a concession to the general amenities of life as he considered them, or perhaps a convenient cloak to his own very serious thoughts. Be this as it may, he always insisted that cheerfulness was a virtue of the highest order, and that nothing was more fatal to sanctity than sadness or worry. "Look into your hearts, *but with cheerful eyes*," he advised his retreatants. For his own part, he made his mistakes, faced them without a trace of discouragement, and worked at their removal without worry.

He always begged for prayers, both before and during an important piece of work, so great was his fear lest he might not be equal to the task. Many times during the course of a retreat he would urge the retreatants themselves to pray for him that his part of the work might be well done. But when he spoke, it was with an assurance that those who did not know him mistook for great self-confidence. In reality, it was his utter lack of self-confidence that made him dare to be confident. He threw himself upon the generosity of his Lord and was sure of a liberal response.

Free from personal vanity, he would receive praise with an entirely single point of view: "Our Lord could use a broomstick to do his work," he sometimes explained when complimented. His comment on a phrase of Saint Paul throws a good deal of light on his constant attitude of mind: "Power — not virtue — is made perfect in infirmity: that is, the strength and power of God shine forth more perfectly when we are weak and yet do great things for Him, — for it is evident that He alone is doing them. It is supposed that Saint Paul had some bodily ailment which seemed to him to be an obstacle to the spread of the Gospel. He prayed that God would free him from the difficulty. God answered: 'No, your difficulty will only turn to my glory.' 'Then,' says Saint Paul with his generous soul, 'I shall rather glory in this difficulty — and in all other exterior difficulties, reproaches, persecutions, — because then the power of Christ will have to dwell in me to do

the work!'" This sums up very well the reason for Father Pardow's confident spirit.

Among his immediate colleagues, only a few realized the austerity of Father Pardow's life, concealed as it was behind an exterior so free from eccentricity. His self-discipline fitted so perfectly into the very texture of his vocation, that it had become, as it were, part of the pattern. Yet this uncompromising mortification of the will, in which he learned to use the most minute trifles, those mighty stepping stones of the saints, so far from making him a mere automaton, seemed to foster his individuality, to make him, not less, but more himself. He grew ever more easy of access, more simple and candid, more direct and tender. His love for "little souls" increased; the "groats," as he called them, who were lost through mere inability to shake off the dust of the surrounding atmosphere. During the last years of his life, when overpowered with the work of a large parish, carrying the debt of a new school-building, preaching continually, and all this with a very much reduced fund of health, he still found time to give an hour a week to teaching the children of the school their catechism. Children felt at home with him; so did the poor and unlettered. Among the papers found after his death the following suggests how firm a hold he had upon the minds of simple people:

"Father Pardow:

Dear Father on Good Friday night will you please give us the lecture you gave

> down at 16 St. collige. About the Chicken who had a Mother. And the Chickens who had the incubator for a Mother. Father I am trying to get some of the Boys who do not know what the inside of our Church look like and I know if they was to hear about the Chicken it would set them to think of God in this holy season of Lent."

A personal sense of isolation grew upon him during those last years. As his spirit became more firmly fixed in God, the realities of the other life stood out before his mental vision so distinctly, that they threw into relative unreality the material trappings of the world around him. Thus death was obviously not a sorrow, but a going forth into a better life; and any emphasis of grief over death took him by surprise. Not that he lacked compassion for those who mourned, as so many can testify who went to him when in great sorrow; but any excessive manifestation of grief pained him as implying a lack of faith in the fact that death was the end of sorrow for the one who had died: he was out of temptation, his fight was over, his victory won. "Well, he has done his work and gone home;" or else, "He has won out in the fight," would be his first comment on the death of a religious brother, and this instinctive attitude toward death and other kindred subjects had the effect of separating him, in a sense, from those among whom he lived.

"As one grows older, one grows more isolated,"

was the way he chose to express this feeling to one of the tertian fathers, and when the latter asked in astonishment whether such an attitude were desirable, he replied: "No, but it is inevitable."

Toward the end, his health gave out. In 1906, while giving the thirty days' retreat to the tertian fathers, he broke down entirely, and had to interrupt the *Exercises* for several days. In 1907, an attack of pleurisy was almost fatal. The doctor at the hospital warned him that if he hoped to regain his health, he would have to take great care of himself; work less; allow himself special food, and warmer clothes. But he made no changes in his regular life, except perhaps to increase the pace, as a runner on the last lap. He would finish his course. It was God's place to give the signal, and until that time he would not slacken. He prayed that he might not outlive his years of usefulness, but die in the harness, in full possession of his faculties.

He preached oftener than ever; undertook an amazing number of retreats. More than ever shone forth his earnestness and sincerity, his disciplined zeal, his common sense, but above all, his holiness. He grew more and more natural and approachable, more tender and understanding. Yet the most amazing paradox was that, in that strong and vivid personality, there yet appeared to be no trace of *self*, so lost and hidden was that self in Christ. That self had been "dying daily" for so many years that, at last, Christ's indwelling could almost be felt. He gave the impression of receiv-

ing and handing on a message which he adulterated not at all on the way.

At the end — with the weight of those years of mellow experience — an innocent, almost *ingénu* look came into his calm eyes, such as one finds in the eyes of young children and of an occasional very old saint; the look of complete self-forgetfulness, which is the result of long years of self-elimination become at last a habit. It was as if, the full cycle having been accomplished, the tried, experienced man had returned to that expression of complete singleness of outlook which is stamped by God in the eyes of the child as it comes straight from His hand, and gazes with fresh, unspoiled vision at a world which has not yet ruffled its still surface.

Chapter V

"SEMPER PARATUS"

"His heart is ready; . . . he shall not be afraid."—Psalm cxi.

HEAVEN is not a present to be accepted, but a city to be carried by storm; a prize in the race to be won!" said Father Pardow. When the final summons came, it was sudden, though less sudden, perhaps, to Father Pardow himself than might have appeared to the outside world. "I have had my warning," he said soon after leaving the hospital in the winter of 1908. "Our Lord touched me on the shoulder and told me to prepare." — "He can send His message before the time, and prepare one who has served Him faithfully; who can tell the silent inspiration He gives to such a soul to be ready?"

Father Pardow did not have to brace himself to face the idea of leaving the world; his preparation was of another sort. "When I go to heaven, I want to take a great many souls with me," he said. His one thought was to leave no stone unturned that he might be able to say: "I have finished the work which Thou gavest me to do." This was his preparation for death.

From the date of his attack of pleurisy, instead

of saving himself, he whipped up the pace. No invitation to preach was declined. Often his sermons entailed night journeys in order that preaching in another city might not prejudice his duties at home. In November, 1908, he preached a triduum in Boston to five thousand men, leaving New York each afternoon after a hard day's work, arriving just in time to step into the pulpit, taking the midnight train home, and reaching New York to say Mass in his own church, breakfast, and take up the details of his parish work. On the third day he caught a severe cold which hung on during the next few weeks.

The large parish, the new school, the perpetual flow of visitors, whom as rector he had to interview on the most trivial matters, combined with his many sermons, wore him out more and more. He kept up his courage by the thought of how often our Lord must have had to talk to dull people, and was patient with every phase of the situation; but his health showed the strain. In spite of the most careful planning, he could not keep pace with the demands made upon his time. "All my friends are finding fault with me," he said, "because there are only twenty-four hours in the day!"

But his friends had a worse grievance. They watched him dying by inches; many went so far as to reproach him for apparently throwing away a life that was so useful. He listened, then made his defence: "I am a priest; God gave me light to work to-day; he did not promise me a to-morrow." He made no attempt to deny his serious condition;

in fact, as the autumn advanced, he even made some farewells. "I will pray for you in heaven," he said to one of his penitents who was starting on a journey.

He was superior and nobody in the house had a right to call a halt. His doctor warned him that he must husband his strength, but he only answered: "By rights I should have been dead ten years ago," and explained that he had had trouble with his heart for many years, but that it had never interfered with his work.

Early in January he advised another of his penitents to look for a new confessor, saying: "I shall not be here long." He appealed to other friends to help him wind up some business matters, saying that he would be leaving soon. Although accustomed to the sudden transferring of Jesuits, they exclaimed: "Why, Father Pardow, you have only just come!" To which he answered: "I shall not leave this week or next, but it will be very soon." It was not until after his death, which took place during the third week after this conversation, that his words stood out with new meaning.

On the 14th of January, Father Pardow preached the first sermon of a triduum for men at Hoboken. A blizzard was raging. In spite of the blizzard two thousand men had gathered in the Church of Our Lady of Grace to hear him. "The Kingdom of Heaven is like unto a merchant . . ." he began. The audience was full of merchants. Yes, but this was a merchant who understood thoroughly

the relative value of things; a wise merchant, who could not be taken in by glittering baubles, but who, when he found the pearl of great price, gave all he possessed to obtain it. Had the merchants before him the same sense of relative values?

The second night there was no change in the weather. It was the great storm of the winter. The streets were almost impassable; the snow was still falling. But the two thousand men were there; so was the preacher. It was "The Great Balance Sheet" this time; a rehearsal, full of realism, full of terror. "I felt the force of so many men together," he said afterwards, "and knew that I was going to succeed in making an impression on them, and in driving my points home."

He caught a fresh cold that evening, but the next night found him back at his post, with no let up in the storm, no diminution of the audience, but a perceptible effort in the preacher's voice. It was Saturday night. His subject was: "The Auditing of Accounts"; the account that would be audited but once. He knew the difficulties of being true to Christ in business, in family life, in worldly relations; "the persecution of the breakfast table" that had replaced the wild beasts of old. He did not minimize: life was to be a battle, and only those who had fought legitimately would be crowned. There could be no victory without a struggle. He described vividly his visit to the Roman Colosseum and the scenes that his imagination had evoked: the old men and little children,

cheerfully facing death rather than compromise on a matter of principle. "It was easier to die for Christ then, than to live for Him now!" he exclaimed. Those who saw him before them so frail, and the exhausting effort required for him to speak, seemed to see in him a modern martyr wearing himself out in the cause of Christ. "In one of his last fervent sentences," wrote one who was present, "Father Pardow let us see how he envied the martyrs of old, and offered himself to God as a victim." His offer was accepted.

The next day was the Feast of the Holy Name of Jesus. Once more, through the driving snow he made his way to Hoboken, this time in the early morning, to close the Triduum.

"We are celebrating the Feast of the Holy Name," he said. "How many of us will be here to celebrate this Feast next year? From a great audience of this character, some are sure to go. The first, in all probability, will be I, myself, for I am getting to be an old man, and expect, at any time, to render an account of my stewardship."

Within that very week his balance sheet had been handed in and audited.

He preached again at High Mass in his own church, though by that time scarcely able to speak; and he had planned to preach again in the evening. All day the usual flow of visitors found him ready to listen to their needs, and apply his bracing sympathy. One of them was terrified by his appearance; his face, usually so pale, was flushed with fever, but his only thought was for the soul

who needed his parting message: "Dear child, life is a battle field; we have only a short day's fight, so let us make it a glorious fight!" and then he added: "I shall be glad when my battle is over."

At supper Father Pardow realized that his voice could not be heard, and asked Father Rockwell to preach in his stead, but still insisted on giving Benediction himself and even on singing the Vespers. As he was going into the church one of his colleagues remarked:

"But you have no voice!"

"Well, I never had much!" he replied, "Nobody will know the difference!"

When he left the church his remnant of voice had vanished.

But the game was still in his own hands. On Monday, January 18th, he kept about his work as usual. On Tuesday his colleagues insisted on summoning a doctor, who pronounced the case a severe attack of bronchitis, and advised him to stay in bed. Father Pardow, however, had no idea of laying himself up for a mere attack of bronchitis, so he got up and followed his usual routine. On Wednesday he was worse and stayed in bed during the morning, but went downstairs later to see some visitors, among them two Sisters from St. Vincent's Hospital who came to arrange for a retreat. They were shocked at his appearance, saying that he looked as though he had pneumonia.

"No," he answered, "our doctor says it is only a severe cold, and not at all dangerous."

On Thursday the doctor was again called in. He found Father Pardow sitting at his desk by an open window, with his overcoat thrown over his habit. He could scarcely draw his breath. The doctor cautioned him to take no risks in view of his recent attack of pleurisy, but left without making a thorough examination.

Apart from his loss of voice and his difficulty in breathing, Father Pardow appeared much as usual to those around him. They felt no serious alarm until Thursday evening. Then his weakness became so apparent that they were brought to a sudden realization of the gravity of his condition. The doctor was hastily summoned and pronounced the case pneumonia.[1]

From the moment he heard the diagnosis Father Pardow realized that this was his final summons. The signal had come, and he recognized it. He was in no strange land. His part in the drama had been carefully rehearsed; his cue had come and he was ready. Each day for thirty years he had brought home to himself the imminence of death. Now that it confronted him he was master of the situation — his practical, every-day self. To die was the business of the moment; let it be done as well as possible.

He agreed to go to the hospital early next morning according to the doctor's advice, and the ambulance was ordered for seven o'clock, so that

[1] The doctors who attended Father Pardow differ as to the date when pneumonia must have set in. Some, judging from the course taken by the disease, fix the date as early as Monday, January 18th.

none of his friends should know of his serious illness.

Once, during the early hours of the morning, Father Pardow seemed to be sinking rapidly. He received the last sacraments and was "anointed for the struggle like the gladiators of old." But the sinking spell passed and he spent the rest of the night at his desk, putting all things in order for his successor, writing out careful directions to be followed during his absence and in the event of his death. Every detail concerning the parish and school was left in perfect order; nothing was forgotten, even to the list of Masses he had promised to say for special intentions.

Morning came and found him still at work. The ambulance was kept waiting at the door until all was finished. Then he packed his little bag, taking with him his habit, his Breviary, and a note-book with the addresses of those who should be notified of his death. As he walked downstairs, Father Pardow stopped to remove a card bearing his own name from the list of priests attached to the church, and slipped a blank card in its place. All was in order.

"I hope you will soon be back, Father," said one of his companions, as he opened the door.

"No, I am going on a long journey this time," he answered cheerfully, and walked down the steps to the ambulance.

He was then in the full crisis of pneumonia, though anyone looking at him would have found it hard to believe. He was driven through the

snow-blocked streets to 11th Street and entered St. Vincent's Hospital at eleven-thirty, — a dying man.

He wished to be alone, and gave directions that no one except his superiors should be admitted to his room.

Propped up in bed to a sitting position, his crucifix resting upon his knees, his beads in his hands, two small pictures of our Lord and of His Mother were placed where he could see them. It was thus that the socius, Father Rockwell, found him early in the afternoon.

Father Pardow looked up cheerfully as he entered.

"This is the final call," he said, "I am preparing for my long journey!"

He was so calm, so absolutely himself, that it was hard to believe that he was so near death. Father Rockwell told him that he should try to live, but Father Pardow only answered:

"My work is done and I am glad of it. I cancelled all my engagements before I came here."

He repeated the same thing to Father Scully, who was himself a patient at the hospital, adding:

"Why should I try to live uselessly — an idle man — for a few more months, or even years? My work is done, and I am ready."

It was not until after a consultation had been called of Doctors Janeway, Lewis and Maguire that the impossibility of saving Father Pardow's life became evident to all. The examination revealed that the pneumonia had affected both lungs beyond all checking; that he was suffering from

serious valvular disease of the heart, and an advanced case of Bright's Disease. Moreover, his system was depleted to the last degree, and his blood was so impoverished that the doctors were amazed that he had been able to spur himself to enough energy to have carried through the work of the past few weeks.

He asked Doctor Janeway to tell him the truth about his condition.

"Why, Janeway settled my case in three minutes!" he said later to Father Scully, as though to justify his own conviction.

He asked a single question: could he live until after midnight? He wanted to receive his Lord once more; then he would be ready to go. The doctors replied evasively. Evidently the end, in their opinion, was much nearer. They little knew, however, the strength of will which could say: "*Volo dormire*" — and slept; which could decide upon the hour of awakening and awake at that precise moment. And now Father Pardow was ready to die, but not until after midnight.

His eyes resting on his crucifix, the image of Him whom he had served so faithfully, Father Pardow waited with active mind and heart for further developments. The struggle grew more painful. The Sister did what she could to relieve him, which was little enough. Each time he thanked her, yet begged her not to trouble herself, saying:

"Our Lord did not have all these comforts; why should I?"

His Lord dying on the Cross: he, in bed! His

Lord thirsty: he given water to drink! His Lord bruised and stained with blood: he, bathed and refreshed! It was his death-bed meditation.

Father Scully visited him during the afternoon and evening, reciting the Rosary — "always the glorious mysteries," while Father Pardow followed on his own beads. When asked whether he wished his relations notified of his condition, he gave the names of his two sisters and his niece in California. "There is no one else," he said, and explained that their addresses and telephone numbers could be found in the note-book he had brought with him.

"Tell them," he added, "that I will await them in heaven, or in purgatory, if it be God's will."

One of them sent him a message that the next day was the anniversary of his sister Julia's death, but he only murmured: "Yes, the Espousals of Our Lady."

At nine in the evening, Father Rockwell paid him another visit. "There was a constant gurgling in his throat . . . and he said: 'That is the death rattle, but God does not wish to take me yet. I will receive Holy Communion at twelve, and after that, it won't be long.'"

He had asked to die in his habit. He was a soldier; where was his uniform? To the socius he appealed again:

"I want to have on my habit for Holy Communion; I do not want to die this way!"

"They can put your habit over you; that will be sufficient."

"No," he insisted, "I want to die in the habit of the Society."

He was assured that he should be dressed in his habit before he died, no matter how much discomfort it might cause him. He accepted the decision, obedient to the end.

"My head is perfectly clear," he said to Father Rockwell, "but I am very weak." Indeed, he remained fully conscious to the last, as though in answer to his constant prayer that he might be in full use of his reason when dying. "Tell Father Provincial that I am sorry I cannot help him any more," he said, "but I will help him by my prayers in the next world."

He had called in his confessor, Father Massi, at seven o'clock and had made his last confession. During the night Father Scully said the prayers for the sick, and when he asked Father Pardow whether it would tire him to have the longer prayers of the Church said, the latter assured him eagerly that it would not.

He kept asking the time, counting the hours until midnight, and apparently keeping himself alive by an effort of the will, saying that he knew he would live to receive viaticum once more.

At midnight he received Communion for the last time. Father Scully gave him the final blessing and left him.

From that time on he would doze for a few moments and awake with a start, calling for his habit.

"Well, Sister, it is time to start! Bring me my

coat!" explaining to the Sister each time where she would find it.

Suddenly, at half past three there came a change. Seeing that Father Pardow was dying, the Sister called Father Scully, who arrived three minutes later to find him fully dressed in his habit with cincture and beads. He was gasping and could not speak. "I asked him whether he knew me, and he turned his eyes toward me to signify the 'yes' his lips could not utter. I read the prayers for the dying, and had nearly done so for the second time, when the breathing stopped. There seemed to be a bracing up of his forces for an instant, while I repeated the Holy Name of Jesus . . . and all was over."

Chapter VI

VITA NUOVA

> "He gave his body to his Mother Earth, and his pure soul to his great Captain, Christ, under whose banner he had served so well." — Shakespeare.

"FEARLESS Father Pardow is dead!" stood out in startling headlines from the front page of the morning papers. No one had known that he was ill. All day long the telephone kept ringing at the rectory, and the answer was always the same. Father Pardow had died of pneumonia after a short illness. The funeral would be on Tuesday.

The body was taken on Sunday morning to the rectory of St. Ignatius' Church. It lay in the parlor until Monday afternoon, the students of Loyola School and the children of the parochial school making a guard of honor and reciting the Litany for the Dead. His friends, in great numbers, came to the door to beg admission, so many indeed, that on Monday the body was moved to the church. There, during the afternoon and evening, the crowds could come freely and look upon their beloved rector.

Clad in purple vestments, the symbol of his priesthood, with a black biretta of the shape peculiar to the Company of Jesus, he lay in a box of rough

pine boards, the corners of which were not even fitted and rivetted, but rudely fastened with nails. A little straw held the body firm. It was the final resting place of a pauper. Thus, from this simple pulpit, Father Pardow still preached the sermon of poverty. The crowds who came to weep and to pray filled the church to overflowing throughout the afternoon and evening. Women and children were not the only ones who sobbed aloud as they looked for the last time upon his calm features. As he lay there, he was their teacher still: "Weep not for me," he seemed to say. "That which rests before you is not the one you loved. It is but a garment that no longer fits, which imprisoned the noble soul now free."

On the 26th of January the funeral took place. The driving snow, which had run like a theme through the last weeks of his life, accompanied him to the end, but instead of marring, only intensified the power of his last great sermon. Wind and sleet beat from above; the half frozen slush under foot made the city almost impassable; but in spite of this the church was packed to its utmost capacity: the organ gallery, aisles, sanctuary steps, — every available corner was filled. The crowd within was nothing, however, to the crowd without, which filled the entire width of Park Avenue, the enclosure of the New York Central embankment, and the railings themselves, with a solid body of people who had tried to be present at the Mass, but could get no nearer than the crowd in the street. The mob was so dense that

a detachment of twenty policemen had to be sent for to clear a way for ordinary traffic. For an hour or more the crowd stood in the driving wind and sleet, ankle deep in slush, too closely packed to raise an umbrella. No crowd of curiosity seekers were these, as their stillness and tears testified. It was for a friend whom they loved that they waited, and though they could do him no service by standing in the storm, yet, as something deeper than curiosity had brought them there, so something warmer than logic held them, to catch a glimpse of the passing of the pine box with its light cargo resting on the straw.

Within, the simple chanting of the Office for the Dead was followed by a Low Mass of Requiem, which is all that the Jesuit Rule allows its dead. No music, no flowers, no spoken eulogy. None was necessary. He had gone beyond the reach of such petty praise. Father Pardow lay before them, preaching his last and greatest funeral oration. An archbishop said the Mass; four bishops were in the sanctuary; more than four hundred priests, the heads of the various religious orders, and a crowd of lay people of every class knelt in silence.

The Church does not desert her children on the threshold of the grave, but accompanies them to their very home. The clay returns unto the earth whence it came, but the spirit returns to the God who gave it. The spirit, indeed, with its impress, made the clay all that it was to us, and therefore the Church honors even the body — the battlefield which has been so ennobled by its contact

with the spirit. But the Catholic does not follow only the body, leaving the spirit in its journey alone. It is the soul for which the prayers rise, and the friends of the soul have been summoned on this great day: "Angels and Archangels, Patriarchs and Prophets, Apostles and Hermits, joyous Virgins, shining Confessors crowned with lilies, a triumphant army of white-robed Martyrs. . . ." Unearthly and solemn, but by no means sad, the glorious pageant proceeds. The incense rises to symbolize the soul as it tends upward, the prayers take up the wish of every heart: "Come to his assistance, ye Saints of God. Come forth to meet him, ye Angels of the Lord, — receiving his soul, offering it in the sight of the Most High!" We can almost see the mighty host of witnesses take form in the mystic, fluid lines of a primitive painting: Cherubim and Seraphim, Apostles and Evangelists, and all the Saints of God. The countless host is summoned with authority and, as it were, by right, to come forth to meet him whose glorified clay lies there in the pine box, on the straw, to conduct him to Paradise, his true country, there to take possession of eternal joys. "At thy coming may the Martyrs receive thee and bring thee into the Holy City . . . and with Lazarus, once a beggar, mayest thou have eternal rest." And thus the pine box and the straw become transformed from a symbol of voluntary beggarhood into title deeds to a share in eternal rest.

"I commend thee to Almighty God, dearly

beloved brother, and commit thee to Him whose creature thou art. . . . Gentle and joyous may the face of Jesus Christ appear to thee, and may He award thee a place among those who stand before Him forever. Mayest thou behold thy Redeemer face to face, and standing before Him, gaze with blessed eyes on the Truth made manifest!"

A little procession followed the coffin down the wide steps of the church, through the sleet and storm, amid the crowds who, with bowed heads, knelt in the snow at its passing. The school children were lined up in front of the new school under the Stars and Stripes at half-mast. The priests of the house and a few close friends drove out to Fordham to accompany the body to its final resting place. There a space in the earth was assigned it, just large enough for a human body, and no larger. On one side lay Father Van Rensselaer; the other was vacant. In straight lines, row behind row, lay the departed members of the Company of Jesus, the name of each recorded with the day of his birth and death, and the date of his admission to the Company. Like a regiment at attention, awaiting the bugle call, they lie in close ranks, until the day when spirit and clay shall meet again.

FIVE years have passed since William O'Brien Pardow, at the age of sixty-one, was "born into life eternal." On this, his fifth birthday I have put the final stroke of the pen to this record of his childhood, his training and his work as a Jesuit.

Yet the record has been left unfinished. There is a phase of his life of which I have not spoken, because the time is not yet ripe. Echoes of this triumphant life reach our ears from this side and from that; at first, as it were, tentatively; then with more assurance and frequency: echoes of prayer granted, infirmities cured, spiritual gifts received. Yet about these things I have remained deliberately silent.

Perhaps the day may come when this record will be finished by another hand. Meanwhile it stands in its way, complete. The life of Father Pardow calls for no miracles to enforce its lesson. He was not made of different clay from the rest of us. He started out with no advantage over mankind in general. Indeed, it might rather be said that he began his fight under handicaps. His life is a record of hard work balanced by the realization that work alone is not enough; of boundless faith and dependence on the power of prayer, balanced by the realization that, though prayer will remove mountains when necessary, it will not take the place of a pick-axe in removing the everyday

boulders that block our path. He was a man of clear and powerful intellect, who knew the limitations of the human mind and acted on that knowledge; a man wholly given to God, who neglected no human means of serving Him, and did not expect supernatural power to take the place of human effort, but rather to reinforce it. He made use of human instruments with all their intrinsic imperfections, and tuned them to heavenly pitch. What he has done we all may do. This is the real lesson of his life.

January 23, 1914.

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